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If the Great War goes raging on, the Lever Act remains in force, and a Republican comes some day to the full glory of the White House—all of which seems more than likely—there is no good reason why a Republican Attorney-General should not take revenge for Mr. Palmer's indictments of Northern coal-strikers and mine-operators by filling all the jails south of the Mason and Dixon line with hundred per cent Democratic violators of this same Lever Act. That is, providing cotton is, as it might fairly be called, a "necessity." In the South the crusade against the "over-production" of cotton comes as regularly as planting-time. Indeed the Attorney-General should have no trouble in apprehending the chief villains of the play, since they often go so far as to publish in the papers the success of their efforts to cut cotton-acreage and reduce the annual yield. In this connexion it may be pointed out that the New York milk-case, now attracting such wide attention, is a tiny and trifling thing by comparison with the conspiracies that limit the production of cotton and of coal. The pilloried milkmen have done nothing worse than refuse to bring into New York for distribution some 2,500,000 additional quarts of milk per day, produced hereabouts and seeking a market. Nothing was ever done about this, until one of the milk companies posted a notice thoughtfully suggesting to the farmers that they stop producing the surplus milk which the company did not care to distribute. This piece of generosity is held to have rendered certain officers of the company liable to prosecution under the Lever Act. The gentlemen are of course astonished at the turn affairs have taken—and there is something convincing about their righteous anger.

THE whole force of business-sense and business-practice supports the lawbreakers and condemns the law. Whatever the Lever Act may say, every man knows that every other man has the right to produce and sell just the quantity of goods, nicely balanced between too much and too little, which will yield him the largest possible profit. It is for the producer himself to determine whether he will get the greater profit from a large product sold at a low margin, or a small product sold at a wider margin. The busiest brains of the country are constantly concerned with this process of regulating production for the enhancement of profits—squeezing industry into the mould of finance. Nothing serious can happen to anyone—milkman, coalman, cottonman—who really makes a success of this undertaking. The profits of success will pay any sort of fine, and even a term in jail would be endurable as a martyrdom in the righteous cause of business-as-usual. The moral is, that the public had better try some other way. It has tried all kinds of inhibitive and prohibitive laws, tried everything, in short, except freedom; so why not for once try that? Freedom to produce; freedom to exchange: could this possibly work any worse than the system of monopoly which now limits production and exchange so sharply?

EVEN in the coldest season the country can keep itself warm by chasing its tail, for this is what the enforcement of the Lever Act amounts to, if it amounts to anything at all. Since the day that graced this bill with the Presidential signature, it has been unlawful for citizens of the United States to conspire or agree "to limit the facilities for producing any necessities." And, by consequence, the country's industrial statistics fairly ooze with evidence of crime. The coal-industry, for instance, is convicted on the testimony of the United States Geological Survey. The production of bituminous coal for the year 1919 was 34,600,000 tons short of the mark set in 1918; largely on account of the strike, one would say. True; but the figures for the ten months preceding the strike show a shortage in production of nearly 6,000,000 tons as compared with the output for the corresponding period in 1918. With all due allowance for the whimsies of chance, one must infer that in the earlier months of 1919 some two or more persons did combine, conspire, agree, and the rest of it, with the fell purpose of "limiting the facilities for producing" a necessity. One infers also that these persons are still at large and still conducting their affairs in the businesslike manner calculated to assure them the fattest profits.

CARELESS of the peace of mind of those good people who like to think that since 1775 our government has been free from any stain of revolutionary activity, Ludwig C. A. K. Martens, Soviet ambassador to the United States, has asserted before a Senatorial Committee that diplomatic agents of this government have on numerous

occasions given aid and comfort to the revolutionists who are attempting the overthrow of the Russian Soviet Republic. By way of rejoinder Mr. D. C. Poole, sometime United States Consul General at Moscow, has testified that he did not take any part in what Martens' attorney calls "conspiracies under the American flag to blow up bridges." Mr. Poole says, however, that he and his subordinates were obliged to quit Russia under most distressing circumstances, leaving behind them certain United States Government funds, then on deposit in Moscow banks. In this connection one notes with interest the report that Mr. W. O. Jenkins, formerly American consul at Pueblo, Mexico, is about to leave that country under circumstances not altogether different from those under which Mr. Poole made his exit from Russia. Mr. Jenkins, like Mr. Poole, is accused of having maintained cordial relations with rebels against the government of the country in which he was stationed.

It is said that Mr. Jenkins, like Mr. Poole, will leave behind him certain properties—not government funds this time, but private holdings, perhaps to be confiscated by the Mexican Government. And when Mr. Jenkins arrives in the United States, no doubt he, like Mr. Poole, will have the opportunity to state his case before a Senatorial Committee, probably the Committee headed by Mr. Fall, whose consideration of Mexican affairs has always been marked by much the same judicial dispassionateness and freedom from prepossession that have characterized the proceedings of the Committee which has been investigating the status and activities of Mr. Martens. So far, it is a matter of Mr. Poole's word against Mr. Martens'; and the other case is likely to remain before the public as a matter of Mr. Jenkins' word against that of the Mexican officials. Who is right and who is wrong, will always be a very small question; what is right and what is wrong, a very large one. It seems rather a pity that the public is likely to get so little evidence of the facts in these two cases.

BROTHER Hoover seems to have fetched loose last April with a letter to the President, in which he declared for the policy of American retirement from the affairs of Europe, lock, stock, and barrel. His letter, as read in the Senate by Mr. Borah, contained the following:

I am convinced that there has grown up since the armistice the policy, perhaps unconscious but nevertheless effective, of dragging the United States into every political and economic question in Europe and constantly endeavoring to secure pledges of economic and political support from us in return for our agreeing to matters which we consider for their common good, where we have no interest, and constantly using us as a stalking horse economically and politically, solely in the interests of internal political groups within the Allied governments. These objectives and interests may be perfectly justified from their point of view, but it forces us into violations of our every instinct and into situations that our own people will never stand.

THIS is the word, as the Westerners say, with the bark on it. There is no doubt in the world, and reasonably well-informed persons have had no doubt from the beginning, that such is precisely the case. Mr. Hoover does not know how the letter got out, and promptly issued a statement to the newspapers disclaiming responsibility and protesting against its publication. In the course of his statement, he says that the views expressed in his letter were later modified as to the one particular of keeping a representative on the Reparation Commission, because of the large economic control which the Commission would exercise over a large part of Europe, and the consequent necessity of protecting American interests. All this is very manly and wholly creditable to Mr. Hoover, taking into consideration the extreme delicacy of his position. It is not to be expected that he would act in the premises as, for example, Mr. Bullitt acted; he has not Mr. Bullitt's philosophy of public affairs. One observes, however, with great satisfaction that although the papers made all they can of Mr.

Hoover's disclaimer, he has retracted nothing beyond the one point named above; that is to say, nothing essential. Mr. Hoover followed with another statement, urging ratification of the treaty and saying that the proposed reservations ought to satisfy anyone of America's security in all circumstances. Mr. Hoover's mind doubtless works that way; from everything known of him, one would say that it does; and, further, one might freely say that it is an unfortunate way for the mind of any informed person to work. It is hardly fair, though, on the evidence offered, to call Mr. Hoover's plea for the treaty a mere bit of electioneering.

THE organized and officially protected exploitation of Russia by Great Britain is of course distasteful to France and therefore the details of Pertinax's report may need a little salt. But in the large, he is correct. With more militant vigour than commercial acumen, the French still cling to the idea that the Soviet Government ought to be extirpated by force. Whatever may be the final judgment as to the policy of France toward Russia, it must at least be admitted that it has been consistent, and that its successful execution would have produced results profitable to the old regime. British policy, vigorously militaristic when there was a possibility of military success, imperially commercial now that there is no longer any hope of victory by arms, has made up in supple opportunism all that it lacks in consistency. And in opportunism much more than in consistency, there is always hope of profit. Our own poor bungling State Department can claim neither of these virtues. When a policy of destruction was framed by those who hoped to profit by destruction, we acquiesced. And now that a policy of commercialism is put forward, after careful preparation, by a Power fully prepared to take advantage of the new market, we are about to acquiesce again, with the pretty proviso that we will take no measures to protect the intrepid Americans who go scuttling into Russia in the hope of being able to pick up a few crumbs under the British-Bolshevist banquet-table. Just as our men of good sense and information complained that the blockade was inhuman and unprofitable, so our imperialists will now say that the refusal to protect American overseas trade is inconsistent with the Big Stick policy and is most unprofitable. The humanitarians wanted free trade when Russia was starving; the imperialists want protected trade when Russia's ports are opened, but what the State Department wants no one really knows. In fact, one is obliged to believe that the official mind, or whatever passes muster for the official mind, is unconscious of any inconsistency in the official attitude toward American nationals in Russia on the one hand, and in Mexico, say, on the other.

BRITISH labour is striving breathlessly to hold its own against the tide that sets away from political action and toward the Third International of Moscow. The refusal of the British Trades-Union Congress to sanction a general strike as a means of forcing the nationalization of mines has left the parliamentarians of the Labour party strongly placed and prepared to co-operate with the German Social Democrats in the preservation of the Second International. In this enterprise the political British labourites and the pro-war German Socialists will have the assistance of the Belgian Labour party, of the Socialists of Spain (a somewhat precarious allegiance), Czechoslovakia, and Poland, and of certain minority groups in Finland, Sweden, Denmark and Bulgaria. Political methods are most attractive to the Germans who are in power and to the Englishmen who hope to be, but however vigorous their defence of parliamentarism may be, they will never be able to restore the Second International to its pre-war state of healthy impotence. The war itself has made such restoration impossible by developing a widespread distrust of political government. The Russian

Revolution has given this feeling a positive turn in the direction of organization by plants and industries rather than by precincts and constituencies.

THE Socialists of Italy were the first important group to transfer their allegiance from the Second International to the Third. The German Independent Socialists, after six weeks' participation with the Social Democrats in the first Coalition Government, withdrew and began the development of a thorough-going social-revolutionary program. At the Leipzig conference this winter the Independents decided to withdraw from the Second International and to begin negotiations for bringing the whole Socialist proletariat together in the Third. Already the Socialist parties of Austria, Switzerland, Norway, Ukraine, Rumania, Serbia and Greece, and the left wing groups in Denmark, Sweden, and Bulgaria have aligned themselves with the Moscow centre. By a referendum to the membership, the American Socialist party has voted itself out of the Second International and has declared its sympathy with the Third. And now to cap the climax, the French Socialists in conference at Strasbourg have repudiated the old organization and have decided to negotiate at once with the German Independents. Following the secession of the German Independents the conference of the Second International, which was to have met at Geneva in February, was postponed until July. If the British parliamentarians have not succeeded by that time in accomplishing something in the way of reorganizing the railway and mining industries (and such accomplishment seems highly improbable) a split of British labour between Geneva and Moscow is inevitable.

THE American Legion has moved for a bonus. This is interesting, especially in view of General Wood's candidacy. He has not yet said where he stands in this matter, nor is he likely to do so, unless the large majority polled for a bonus in the Legion's canvass finally forces it into prominence in the presidential campaign. The General probably remembers that he is putting his political qualifications before a heavily taxed electorate. In England, the National Union of Ex-Service Men are not only making similar demands but are also giving a plain hint as to where the money should come from. They say in a recent manifesto:

Ex-Service men call upon the nation to fulfill its financial obligations towards those who have served in the Forces during the war. They point out that, while the war continued, the Service men could not enforce their demands as their fellow-workers at home were able to do. But the country cannot be permitted to take advantage of their having deferred their claims until the war was over. Ex-Service men therefore now demand that every man who served during the war shall receive as "back pay" the difference between what he actually received and the rate of 6s a day (the rate paid to the Australian troops). Further, they declare that no refusal of this claim can be tolerated so long as the people of Britain remain dispossessed of the land which is their natural inheritance, and which, if restored to them, would enable the cost of its defence to be met in full.

SIMILAR movements among ex-service men are in progress in Australia and New Zealand. During the recent Commonwealth elections Premier Hughes faced some very stormy meetings where the returned soldiers demanded an additional shilling and sixpence per day; until at last he yielded to their demands. In New Zealand the men are asking for back pay and like the English soldiers, are suggesting from what source the money should come. Thus, in the *New Zealand Herald*, appears the following:

At a deputation to Mr. Massey [the Premier] from the returned soldiers, Captain Sievwright, who was the first speaker, repeated the arguments adduced by him at the Town Hall meeting last night, the main point being that the returned soldiers, being eight per cent of the population, should receive eight per cent of £150,000,000 which had been added to Dominion values [i. e., land-values] as the result of winning the war.

Evidently bonus plans for returned soldiers are becoming very popular. But in this matter, New Zealand, Australia, and Great Britain are not in the position of this country, for our ex-service men have a military man as a presidential possibility.

At the convention of the Union Printers' League of New Jersey at which visiting delegates from New England, Pennsylvania and Washington, D. C., were present, a letter from Mr. Marsden G. Scott, President of the International Typographical Union was read, which contained among other things the following gem:

It is stupid to deny the fact that vicious alien propaganda has obtained a foothold in American trade unionism. There is more than a coincidence in the disclosures that show some of the same traitorous influences which sought to handicap our government during the war are today co-operating to disrupt the American trades-union movement.

Some of our labour leaders apparently have no better understanding of the present ferment of ideas throughout the world than has Mr. Palmer, or even General Wood.

So it was the Irish, after all, that came near being the death of the peace-treaty in the Senate last week!—wurra, wurra, just listen to that now! Following the fortunes of the treaty day by day is getting to be a terribly sleepy business, and one can not answer for accuracy when duty battles with somnolence. But it appears that some one put in a reservation for Irish independence, and then some one else dropped in another for Egypt, and finally some one else knocked everything into a cocked hat by putting in one for Hawaii, the Philippines and Porto Rico. It would be a fine thing to conciliate the Irish vote; it has to be done somehow, in fact; and yet the conciliation must not mean too much. Perhaps Senator Gerry's resolution does as well as any; it is good and strong in favour of Irish independence, but yet, if it be construed to postulate the consent of Great Britain, it does not really mean anything—least of all does it suggest any tampering with our own little imperialistic ventures. This may take in the Irish voters, and then again it may not. And there ye ar're.

AND speaking of the peace-treaty, is it not about time that Mr. Wilson cut the rest of the lines and rang down the curtain? The third act of this comedy is getting fearfully tiresome, and the house is nearly empty. If it were a free show, one would hesitate to criticize the performance, but it is far from that. The American people is paying gala prices, and really ought to have more for its money. The Senate has used the peace-treaty as a way of shirking domestic issues, about long enough. The treaty covered the scandalous haste with which the railway bill was rushed through, and it is now diverting attention from other matters which demand attention and settlement. If the treaty were worth the paper it is written on, even at pre-war prices, something might be said for this protracted pottering with it; but it is not. It is dead and gone, and everyone knows that it is dead and gone; no power on earth could henceforth make its terms respectable, let alone enforceable. Meanwhile, the technical state of war serves as an excuse for a holdover of endless expense and iniquitous executive practices. Still, it is not the iniquity of the situation but its supreme silliness that ought to condemn it to a speedy effacement by the passage of a simple resolution declaring the state of war at an end.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editor's judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

IN THE VEIN OF INTIMACY.

THE editors of this paper and its publisher appreciate more than they can say, the unlooked-for cordiality shown by the press to its first two issues. Influential daily newspapers throughout the country have held out the hand of kindly hospitality and have given the paper a most prepossessing editorial introduction to their readers. Very courteously, too, have some of the weekly papers come forward with their greeting; and among these is one whose traditions command the utmost respect of all Americans, and whose specific service during the past two years has been immeasurable. Amid a riot of the lowest passions and the most contemptible prejudices, the *Nation* walked worthily. For this it deserves, and as time goes on will increasingly be seen to deserve, the lasting gratitude of all citizens whose loyalty is loyalty to their country rather than to its office-holders; and the *Nation* in its last issue does this paper the honour of generous praise and a cordial welcome into "the field of liberal journalism."

By gratitude, therefore, as well as unusual respect, this paper seems bound to deprecate with all possible delicacy, this recommendation to the *Nation's* readers. The *Freeman* is not a liberal paper; it has no lot or part with liberalism; it has no place in the field of liberal journalism and can not pretend to seek one. That field, indeed, is so competently served by the *Nation* itself and by the *New Republic* that it would be a superfluity, not to say an impertinence, for the editors of this paper to think of invading it. The *Freeman* is a radical paper; its place is in the virgin field, or better, the long-neglected and fallow field, of American radicalism; its special constituency, if it ever has any, will be what it can find in that field. Hence, readers of the *Nation*, if ever they do this paper the honour of picking it up, must not be misled by Mr. Villard's quick and characteristic generosity in bestowing upon it a distinction to which it has no right.

Radicalism and liberalism, unfortunately, are often used as interchangeable terms; so used, indeed, by whole myriads who, if a free public school-system is half what it is cracked up to be, ought to know better. Really, one is sometimes reminded of the man who told his little boy that ensilage is a kind of mucilage. For present purposes there is no need of contrasting academic and philosophical definitions of the two terms; the dictionary will do that in half the time, and save trouble all round. Some practical distinctions, however—such, for instance, as differentiate a radical from a liberal paper—are perhaps worth mentioning.

In the philosophy of public affairs, the liberal gets at his working theory of the State by the "high *priori* road;" that is to say, by pure conjecture. Confronted with the phenomenon of the State, and required to say where it came from and why it is here, the liberal constructs his answer by the *a priori* method; thus Carey, for example, derived the State from the action of a gang of marauders, Rousseau from a social contract, Sir Robert Filmer from the will of God, and so on. All these solutions of the problem are ingenious and interesting speculations, but nothing more than speculations. The radical gets at his theory of the State by the historical method; by tracing back and examining every appearance of the State, to the most remote examples that history can furnish; seg-

regating the sole invariable factor which he finds to be common throughout, and testing it both positively and negatively as a determining cause.

The result carries the radical to the extreme point of difference from the liberal in his practical attitude towards the State. The liberal believes that the State is essentially social and is all for improving it by political methods so that it may function according to what he believes to be its original intention. Hence, he is interested in politics, takes them seriously, goes at them hopefully, and believes in them as an instrument of social welfare and progress. He is politically-minded, with an incurable interest in reform, putting good men in office, independent administrations, and quite frequently in third-party movements. The liberal forces of the country, for instance, rallied quite conspicuously to Mr. Roosevelt in the good old days of the Progressive party. The liberal believes in the reality and the power of political leadership; thus, again, he eagerly took Mr. Wilson on his hands at the last two elections. The radical, on the other hand, believes that the State is fundamentally anti-social and is all for improving it off the face of the earth; not by blowing up office-holders, as Mr. Palmer appears to suppose, but by the historical process of strengthening, consolidating and enlightening economic organization. It is the impetus that Lenin has given to economic organization, and not his army, that makes him a terror to the State. The radical has no substantial interest in politics, and regards all projects of political reform as visionary. He sees, or thinks he sees, quite clearly that the routine of partisan politics is only a more or less elaborate and expensive by-play indulged in for the sake of diverting notice from the primary object of all politics and political government, namely, the economic exploitation of one class by another; and hence all candidates look about alike to him, and their function looks to him only like that of Dupin's pretended lunatic in "The Purloined Letter."

On the side of economics, the practical difference between the radical and the liberal is quite as spacious. The liberal appears to recognise but two factors in the production of wealth, namely, labour and capital; and he occupies himself incessantly with all kinds of devices to adjust relations between them. The radical recognizes a third factor, namely, natural resources; and is absolutely convinced that as long as monopoly-interest in natural resources continues to exist, no adjustment of the relations between labour and capital can possibly be made, and that therefore the excellent devotion of the liberal goes, in the long-run, for nothing. Labour, applied to natural resources, produces wealth; capital is wealth applied to production; so long, therefore as access to natural resources is monopolized, so long will both labour and capital have to pay tribute to monopoly and so long, in consequence, will their relations be dislocated. The liberal looks with increasing favour upon the socialization of industry, or as it is sometimes called, the democratization of industry. The radical keeps pointing out that while this is all very well in its way, monopoly-values will as inevitably devour socialized industry as they now devour what the liberals call capitalistic industry. What good would possibly come to labour or capital or to the public, from democratizing the coal-mining business, for example, unless and until monopoly-interest in the coal-beds themselves were expropriated? The miners of England have begun to see this and to

shape their demands accordingly. What use in democratizing the business of operating railways, as long as the franchise-value of railways remains unconfiscated? What use in democratizing the building industry, so long as economic rent continues to accrue to monopoly? No use whatever, as the radical sees it, except for a very moderate amount of educative value that may probably be held to proceed from the agitation of such projects.

Thus the fundamental differences between the radical and the liberal may be seen, even from this brief sketch, to be considerable; too considerable by far to permit this paper to go under false colours into the hands of any readers of the *Nation*. It has been very distasteful to make the *Nation's* courtesy a text for the drawing-out of these differences; but the dishonourable acceptance, even for a moment, of an honourable distinction, would be much more distasteful.

SEATTLE ELECTIONS.

THE virtues and vices of the "new politics" inaugurated by the entrance of labour into the political field were brought to light in the recent municipal campaign in Seattle. Unlike the Labour party in Chicago, the labour elements of Seattle did not have to fight their battle against the old-line political parties. In the primaries, as well as in the final elections, the candidates appeared not as representatives of parties but as the spokesmen of definite interests. The defeat in the primaries of C. B. Fitzgerald, who was supported by the Associated Industries and by such newspapers as the *Seattle Times* and the *Post-Intelligencer* made clear that militant privilege could not swing the city politically in a direct and open manner. The election of Hugh M. Caldwell, former corporation-counsel (major in the army-intelligence service and regarded as a liberal) over James A. Duncan, secretary of the Seattle Central Labour Council and leader in the 1919 general strike, by a vote of 50,840 against 34,059, is a clear indication that the balance of power in Seattle, as perhaps in most American cities, lies with the heterogeneous elements usually described as the "public" or "the middle class." In a clear-cut fight between labour and capital, what may be called the industrial and economic mugwumps can determine the outcome.

There is cause for our American labourites to be somewhat perturbed by this fact. It suggests a serious political problem: How are the new mugwumps to be galvanized into an active and purposeful political force friendly to labour? The labour elements in Seattle grasped the problem at an early stage of the campaign and attacked it valiantly. On 26 February, the *Seattle Union Record*, the official organ of the Seattle labour unions, declared editorially that "the moral forces' vote will elect the next mayor of Seattle," and explained that by "moral forces" it meant the "home-loving people," the "members of the various moral, philanthropic, and religious organizations of the city." The *Seattle Union Record* realized that these "moral forces" had to be won over if labour was to win the election, and spared neither space nor eloquence to do it.

Mr. Duncan's appeal to the "moral forces" could not have been more genuine or touching. In his whirlwind campaign, he showed a comprehensive and sympathetic understanding not only of municipal problems but of the things which touch to the quick "the home-loving people." He denounced the two

hundred dens of vice in the city. He promised to be a "god-father to every young man or woman who comes from the country to the city." He announced that the first thing on his official calendar would be "better housing for homeless girls." The chief planks in his platform declared for a clean city, five-cent street-car fare, reduction of taxes, the development of the Skagit River power-site to furnish electric power for the city's railway-system. He went over his record during the war to show that as a good patriot and true American he advocated the conscription of wealth and the prosecution of profiteers. In reply to the accusation of his opponents that he did not revere the flag, he pointed out that the flag flew over his home during the entire period of the war. The *Seattle Union Record* had a right, in view of all this, to recommend Mr. Duncan to the "moral forces" of the city as a "Christian gentleman" and as one who stood for "the fundamentals of moral and religious life."

Mr. Duncan's failure to win the votes of the "moral forces" indicates the lines along which political education in Seattle, as elsewhere, has to be carried on. The "church-folks" are not ready as yet to believe that Christianity can be represented by the Secretary of a Central Labour Council. The "home-loving folk" are still fearful of being forced to stay home because of a general strike. The spectre of "nationalized women" still haunts the "moral forces," especially in a port like Seattle, where one's faith in the purity of the human heart and soul is put to a severe test by the grafters and "middlemen of the flesh."

There can be no doubt that political action, as exemplified in the Seattle municipal campaign, is an excellent method for training labour to fulfill the function of educating the "moral forces" of our cities. In one campaign the labour-elements of Seattle did a lot and learned still more. As in other industries, so in education, the greatest gain comes frequently from the by-product. By trying to educate others, the educator may educate himself. The Seattle campaign leads one to believe that this may be pre-eminently true of political education. The need of reconciling the middle classes forced the leaders of labour to look about and to study economic and social facts. The results were two-fold; in the first place, labour learned something about the sociology of Seattle. The *Seattle Union Record*, for instance, discovered that a city is composed of many classes and that a labour candidate can appeal at least to six of them. These six classes are: one, the workers, whether in "university laboratories" or in mills; two, the small business men who are "as numerous as a mosquito-fleet"; three, the church-folks "in all kinds of churches"; four, the foreign-born citizens; five, the native-born citizens; and last, but decidedly not least, the home-loving folks, "the bulwark of every American community of our nation." It is impossible, of course, to think that these classes are altogether segregated and mutually exclusive. Some of the workers are surely native-born citizens and there must be some business-men among the "church-folks". But this is a minor matter. The main merit of the above economico-social analysis is its homespun "democratic" character. It fritters a community into disjointed and unrelated groups which may be later assembled into a political whole.

Secondly, labour during the campaign established some facts about itself. It made clear that it was

not in favour of soviets. Also that the general strike is "a bugaboo that has about outlived its usefulness" and that "men and women of labour are far too sensible to indulge in industrial strife unless driven to it by merciless exploitation by the profiteers of the community." Labour also found out that it wanted what the other five "classes" wanted—a clean city and a five-cent carfare. What more indeed could one ask for in an American city?

That this intensive process of education and self-education did not result in a sweeping victory indicates what a task labour faces in the way of bringing over to its side the timid and wobbly elements of the middle class. Viewed in this light the results in Seattle are very good indeed. The vote cast for labour has been steadily growing. In the recent school-elections the labour candidates received 18,000 votes; in the port-elections they received 20,000; in the primaries Mr. Duncan received 24,000; and in the election he polled over 34,000. Mr. Duncan feels that he has been gradually "rallying all the righteous forces of Seattle" about him, and that (though defeated) he has gained a "moral victory".

The question, however, is a victory for what? Mr. Duncan and his followers seem to think that the elections may be regarded as a decided step forward in establishing the claim of labour to be the standard bearer of the "peoples' cause" in Seattle. Perhaps so. Those who want the political leadership of labour as a good thing *per se*, may congratulate themselves on the results. Labour made a good fight and polled a large vote. But those who are interested in the quality and purpose of the political leadership which labour proposes to assume, can not but view with doubt the kind of "labour-politics" which was exhibited at Seattle. The "moral victory" claimed by Mr. Duncan seems dubious in view of the fact that the candidate of labour refrained from elaborating upon industrial and economic issues, except by way of denial. As in other labour and "reform" campaigns, labour succeeded only in leading those to whom it had first surrendered. If this example is followed by the labour parties and movements which are now springing up all over the country, we may expect some curious developments. We may yet see labouring men doing the political work of the privileged classes as they have heretofore done their menial tasks.

SILK, SYRIA AND SELF-DETERMINATION.

THE proclamation of the Syrian Congress sitting in Damascus that Syria is to be an independent state is bad news for the silk manufacturers of France, Italy, and Britain. Heretofore, the export of raw silk from Syria has been a vital source of supply to the great manufacturing centres of Europe. But it is distressing now to find that these backward peoples of Asia Minor who need the control and guidance of the governments of Western civilization, are becoming commercially so self-reliant and ambitious that they would use the water-power of the Orontes, and manufacture their silk at home. Self-determination certainly has its drawbacks; and when such people as Syrians and Mesopotamians determine, in spite of secret treaties, to handle their own raw material, and enter into competition with the centres of trade which depend largely on Asia Minor for the supply of raw silk, then self-determination, as our fine old friend Abe Potash used to say, is something else

again. It is surprising how quickly these people of the Levant and its hinterland have seen that there is a very real connection between commerce and self-determination; possibly they may have watched the methods practiced by the tradesmen of Western countries. Anyway, they have made up their minds, and as a first step towards the establishment of home industry they have proclaimed Prince Feisal, son of the King of the Hejaz, King of Syria. From accounts of men who were connected with the Paris Conference, men who met the Prince and had a chance to look him over, the Syrians seem to have picked a good one. War assorts bedfellows as queerly as politics; and when one remembers how sedulously the young Prince was close-herded by the British and French Foreign Offices during his sojourn in Paris, it seems almost like an act of ingratitude for his people to be in such a mortal hurry about self-determination of this unexpected kind.

One may profitably, however, look a little closer into this Syrian question, for it is one of the most complicated the Allies have to deal with. The Syrian problem is the Turkish problem, for it is the Cilician and the Anatolian problem. It affects the Armenian problem and, of course, it is the Mesopotamian problem; indeed, all the vilayets of Asia Minor may be deeply involved by the proceedings that are taking place in Damascus where the Syrian Congress is in session. To understand this question aright one must go back to the first year of the war, when there was secretly formed at Damascus an Arab Nationalist Committee representing both Mesopotamia and Syria. This Committee entered into confidential communications with Sherif Husein at Mecca, asking him to negotiate with Great Britain and discover whether she would assist the realization of Arab independence in return for their military support. It seems an agreement of some kind was arranged; for, in the summer of 1916, the Sherif at Mecca was responsible for an Arab revolt against Turkey. But the documents which passed between the British Foreign Office and Husein were never communicated to the British public. As usual, no formal treaty was signed. The negotiations were carried on, it seems, by letters of a not very definite character, with the usual result of grave misunderstanding; each party cherishing its own version of the pledges it received. The publication of the Russian secret treaties did, however, cast a strong light upon the negotiations; and now it is maintained that Sherif Husein had no authority to act as a principal for the Damascus Committee, and that the Committee never proposed that the Arab provinces of Turkey should be brought under his sovereignty. The well-informed correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, referring to the negotiations which took place, says:

The Arabs first proposed a line starting from Mersina on the Cilician coast and running eastwards to the Persian frontier. Arab independence was to be recognised in the Asiatic territories to the south of that, including the entire Arabian peninsula, except for the British Protectorate of Aden. The British Government gave the recognition asked for in respect of this area, with the exception of the Cilician littoral, and such part of the littoral of Syria as lies west of the four districts of Aleppo, Hama, Homs, and Damascus. The Arabs accepted the exclusion of Cilicia (where the Arab element is small), but reaffirmed their claim to the Syrian coast (where the Arabic language is universally spoken, and where a consciousness of common nationality with other Syrians, irrespective of locality or religion, has been growing rapidly of recent years). King Husein is even reported to have stated to the High Commissioner that though the exclusion of Western Syria would

not deter the Arabs from co-operating with the Allies in the war, they would fight for its liberty against all comers when once the Turk had been turned out.

The negotiations also touched on other questions. In Irak, for instance (though not in Northern Mesopotamia), the Sherif appears to have consented to the retention of administrative control by Great Britain, without any stipulations as to its extent or duration. And the fact that no reservation was made about Palestine pledged us by implication to recognise an independent Arab Government there, since Palestine was included within the limits which the Arabs had laid down. But the Syrian coast was the crux, and Great Britain's opposition to Arab self-determination here was based, of course, on consideration for France.

It is not known to what extent the Arabs were consulted about the parcelling-out of the territories of Asia Minor, when the Anglo-French agreement of 1916 was concluded. It is, however, known that King Husein had no authority to act as a principal. Therefore, the arrangements made by Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay for the control of the different Arab governments, the strategic railways, water-rights, and exchange of goods, were nothing more than promissory notes which only a pliant and obsequious Committee at Damascus could possibly honour. The French, no doubt, hoped to drive the Turks from Syria; a preliminary step towards gaining military and diplomatic support from the Arabs. Then a French protectorate over the coast, and a great area in the interior, was supposed to follow upon this procedure. But the best-laid plans are sometimes upset by backward peoples; and the Turks, learning of the Damascus Committee and its work, fell upon it, crushed it, and sadly disappointed France and her Allies. Then followed a long series of situations shifting as the war progressed, sometimes in favour of the Arabs, sometimes in favour of the French, until General Allenby entered Jerusalem. Since then the problem has developed, and the troubles of the Allies have thickened and multiplied, apparently beyond hope of settlement.

It may seem strange to our Foreign Offices that the Syrians should labour under the delusion that we ought to respect their desire to govern themselves. But, somehow, the notion that nationalism is a two-edged weapon, is now creeping into the minds of a good many people who heretofore have believed that Western civilization was specially ordained by a beneficent Creator to control and direct the interests of backward people. The backward peoples have not for nothing heard the Allies sing their national songs, nor have they watched the Allies wave their national flags without taking the suggestion to heart. It may be no doubt, a very stupid policy, other things being equal, for the Arabs to dream of running a government of their own when they could get the French and the British to do it for them, for the customary consideration; but that of course is a detail. The great objections of the Syrians to a French protectorate are, however, economic and religious, and these seem hard to get over.

It appears that the nationalistic movement has made rapid progress in Syria, and probably nothing can stop it now that the Syrians have proclaimed their independence. It is quite conceivable that the European Allies may propose to waste many more lives, and squander much more wealth, in an attempt to subdue these people, but one can not believe that they are mad enough to think that the people of the United States will countenance their Government's lending assistance to them in such a dissolute and desperate venture.

THE NEW RAILWAY-LAW.

THE new railway law has two outstanding features. It assures a fair return to investors and creates machinery to secure uninterrupted operation. Investors are pleased with the law; the financial and commercial world has acclaimed it as a piece of constructive legislation. Labour is dissatisfied. The representative unions urged Congress not to pass the bill and urged the President to veto it. Now that it is law, they refuse to indorse it, but say that there is nothing for them to do at present but co-operate under it.

The new machinery for adjusting disputes will furnish the test of the law, as far as labour is concerned. The readjustment of wages, deferred at President Wilson's request since last August, can not be put off much longer. At least 100,000 men employed in shops and on maintenance of way, are reported to receive three dollars a day, or less, and there are thousands of carpenters, masons, painters and electricians who are paid less than workers in the same trade in other industries. Under the new law there must be no change in wages or status of employees until next September; but the attitude of the executives towards the problem of wages and labour-costs will affect negotiations concerning changes after that date.

It is important, in view of all this, that criticism of the labour-provisions of the new law has been confined to minor points. The essential character of the machinery has not been very seriously attacked. The law provides, in the first place, for conferences to consider and, if possible, to decide "any dispute between the carrier and the employees or subordinate officials thereof." The law declares that it "shall be the duty" of all carriers, their officers, employees, and agents to adopt every available means to avoid interruption of the service. Conferences for the consideration and settlement of disputes thus become in a way obligatory.

In addition to conferences, the law provides two agencies for the further consideration of disputes. One consists of what is called Railroad Labour Adjustment Boards. These boards are voluntary bodies. They may or may not be formed "by agreement." When organized, they will be bi-partisan bodies, that is, will be composed of representatives of employees and of the management. There may be a number of such adjustment-boards, as they can be formed "between any carrier, group of carriers or the carriers as a whole, and any employees or subordinate officials of carriers, or organization or group of organizations thereof." There is nothing new in this idea of adjustment-boards. Since the roads have been under federal control, three such adjustment-boards have been developed and are now in existence. One is composed of the representatives of the four Brotherhoods and an equal number of executives. Another is composed of representatives of the shop-employees, and of the management. A third board has jurisdiction over the affairs of another group. It was natural under Federal control to organize these three boards on a national scale. Now that the roads have again been broken up into several hundred units, it remains to be seen on what scale the boards will be organized. The function of these boards is to hear and decide "any dispute involving only grievances, rules or working conditions" which has not been considered or settled in conference and threatens the continuity of service.

Of greater importance is the creation of a Rail-

road Labour Board, composed of nine members. Three are to represent "the employees and subordinate officials of the carriers;" three will represent the carriers, and three the general public. The salary is \$10,000 a year and the term of service five years, except in the case of original members of the board. One from each group is to be appointed for a term of three years, one for two years and one for one year. No member of the board shall be "an active member or in the employ of or hold any office in" any organization of employees, subordinate officials or carriers or own stocks or bonds or have any pecuniary interest in a railway. This provision of the law has been criticized by the brotherhoods on the ground that it will bar their most experienced and best trained leaders from serving on the board.

This board is given large functions. It is to hear and decide any dispute which cannot be settled by an adjustment-board. In case a dispute threatens the interruption of commerce and there is no adjustment-board in existence, the labour-board may step in on its own initiative to consider the case, or it may act at the request of the chief executive of the road or labour-organization involved, or upon the written petition of 100 unorganized employees. The labour-board may also in a similar manner intervene to hear any dispute concerning wages or salaries which can not be settled in conference. Furthermore the labour-board has the power to set aside any increase in wages or salaries which may have been decided upon in conference, if in the opinion of the board, such an increase in wages or salaries is likely to necessitate a substantial readjustment of rates.

According to the law, then, any dispute concerning wages may be decided in conference between the management and employees. If the conference does not reach an agreement, the dispute is taken to the Railroad Labour Board. In case the decision involves a readjustment of rates, the labour-board may set it aside. The decisions of the board in general must be made by at least five members out of the nine, but in questions of wages at least one of the representatives of the public must concur in the decision.

Besides being a body for the adjudication of disputes, the labour-board will also have powers of investigation. It is required to study "the relations between carriers and their employees, particularly questions relating to wages, hours of labour, and other conditions of employment." These studies must be published "from time to time." The board is also required to publish annually the decisions of the adjustment-boards as well as its own, court-decisions and administrative orders pertaining to railway-labour. The board is given power to examine books, subpoena records and witnesses, hold public hearings and exercise other quasi-judicial powers incident to the performance of its main functions.

Here the powers of the labour-board end. It has no power to enforce its decisions. If its recommendations or orders or any of the decisions of the adjustment-boards are disobeyed, the labour-board has only one recourse. It may make a public statement of the decision and its violation.

Such are the essential features of the labour-clauses of the new law. Labour is considered to have scored a victory in having eliminated from the law the prohibition of strikes. Whether this victory will be of consequence depends upon the use of the injunctive process in future disputes. If the present tendency to enjoin workers from striking continues, railwaymen

will have gained little in this respect from the new law. On the other hand, the law is clearly unsatisfactory to labour in the vagueness of its references to the organizations and in its express recognition of unorganized workers. The law thus fails to meet the organized workers' idea of collective bargaining. It represents an attempt to combine a more or less loose system of collective bargaining with a system of compulsory investigation and quasi-voluntary mediation and arbitration. The old Railroad Board of Mediation and Conciliation created in 1913 is still retained under the new law, though it is hard to see how it will function under the new conditions. With the exception of the principle of tri-partite representation on the Railroad Labour Board, the new law adds little to those arrangements for the settlement of disputes which have grown up in the past few years.

The new law will undoubtedly accentuate the tendencies that have characterized the activities of the railway-workers in recent years. It will promote concerted movements for readjustment of wages and working conditions. From the slow and hesitating steps taken in this direction by some of the brotherhoods in 1902 to the compact signed in February, 1920 is a long way indeed. But if a board of nine members is to have such wide powers of investigation and of influencing public opinion, it will be to the advantage of all the workers to hold together to throw their combined weight into the balance. This will also necessarily mean that the workers will be more and more drawn into politics. The powers of appointment granted to the President and Senate under the law, no matter how wisely exercised, are bound to make the connexion between labour-economics and national politics much closer. The process begun with the Adamson law is bound to continue.

Railway-labour evidently realizes this. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why the "memorial" sent out by the workers attacks violently the "guarantee of dividends" to investors and offers only mild criticism of the labour-clauses of the law. For in accentuating the tendencies referred to, the new law may promote conditions favourable to the general solution of the railway-problem recently advanced by the railwaymen themselves.

YOUTH AND AGE.

It is no easy task for any one, no matter how closely he has related himself to youth, to discover what is taking place in the minds of the young men on whom will lie the economic and political responsibilities of the immediate future. The avenues of approach, always few enough, are becoming narrowed and restricted every day. Schools, churches, and universities know less than the little they ever did about the new ideas that are shaping in young minds, for more than ever are their perceptions obtunded by what is called politely "the mature wisdom of conservatism." It seems somewhat futile to take for granted, as these institutions seem largely to do, that the war, the war only, has been responsible for a change of attitude in the minds of the young; a change that appears to be prompted by a spirit of general rebellion against the conventions of the past; and still more futile to assume that after a while, "when the war is forgotten," youth will settle down again into the old groove marked out for it by "the mature wisdom of conservatism." There is no com-

petent reason why all this should be so, and there are excellent reasons why it should not be so.

It is a much fairer presumption that the deception and dishonesty that have been practised at wholesale upon our youth, have raised a barrier of reserve which can not be surmounted by statesman, pedagogue or clergyman; nay, not even by those who are closest of kin. One instructor said the other day, when asked what he thought was taking place in the minds of the young men before him, "It is a conspiracy of silence." This man is, too, an unusual type of teacher, preserving to an uncommon degree the spirit of his own youth, and maintaining, normally, the warmest and most sympathetic insight into the nature of youth. He is the father of four boys; two of them served in the war, and after the armistice were picked for reconstruction-work in different parts of Europe, whereby they had opportunity to see things for themselves. Since they came home, their father has felt an increasing estrangement which seems to be without assignable cause. He has tried over and over again to get them to talk, but to no purpose; all they say is, "It's no use, dad, you wouldn't understand." He can not drag a word out of them about the war, or a single generalization from their experience.

But this may be an exceptional case: granted, but it may also be exceptional because the father is capable of noticing their reticence. Perhaps the father is exceptional in knowing that a barrier has been raised before his children's minds, and in being able to suspect that it has been built on the foundation of profound distrust. Is it strange, if middle-aged Americans are, or can be, intellectually honest with themselves for one moment, is it strange that the finer spirits of our youth should return to us with a feeling that they have been tricked? Is it strange, considering the contrast in conditions, in enthusiasms, in protestations, in promises, in all kinds of window-dressing and display, between the years 1918 and 1919? Does "the mature wisdom of conservatism" realize that, as the most natural and inevitable thing in the world, hundreds of thousands of our youths can not get that contrast out of their heads, that it is with them every day, sleeping or waking? What could be more obvious; what could be more nearly final?

Evidence, if it were needed, is abundant enough; it is to be found even in the correspondence-columns of the daily papers, where numbers of letters from returned soldiers indicate plainly what they think of our promise and our performance. The following letter appeared in one of the principal New York dailies; it is from a soldier:

America, with all its splendid vigour of the war, was a glorious sight, but America now, crazy dollar-mad, with pseudo-Puritanism sitting on its neck like a leech, America, with all of its promises to its soldiers unredeemed and forgotten, is not a pretty sight. And so I am going back to France for a time or two, hoping that in France I can get a fairer, cleaner viewpoint of my country and come home more fitted to take my part in the work of reconstruction which must come unless America, which fought for the freedom of the world and won, shall have lost its own soul in the process.

Now, if sympathetic fathers, men whose judgment was not completely shattered by war-rhetoric and the fraudulent information of publicity-bureaus and official propagandists, admit that they can not reach the minds of their children, what earthly chance has "the mature wisdom of conservatism" to do so? None

whatever; the spirit which governs our schools, churches and universities may be counted out at the start. It has not the faintest conception of the condition in which our youth is placed; it is not faced by, and it is not prepared to face, the actual facts of the existence that confronts our youth, now that the war is over. It is not a hard guess, however, that our young men themselves have a pretty clear conception of that condition and a pretty fair notion of those facts. They took the word of their elders about the war, and now they are thinking it over; it is not clear that they will be so ready to take our word again about the ensuing peace.

The headmaster of an English public school was once asked by Ruskin what he thought a public school to be; and his reply is classic: "A public school is a place of instruction where the victims of our economic system are prepared to be sacrificed in the struggle for existence." No one, probably, would care to quarrel much with this formidable definition; least of all the vocationalists, and those who are all for tossing literary training into the dust-bin and keeping up a strictly bread-and-butter curriculum. But may not general progress have advanced to a point where our youth is a bit perturbed by glimmerings of what is meant by the struggle, and perhaps has begun to suspect that the very phrase "struggle for existence" condemns our whole economic system and conveys a rank blasphemy upon the Creator? Youth has just come back from a war to which it was adjured in the name of all that is high and holy; and it has come with notions of its own about what is high and holy. Can it be depended upon to acquiesce blindly in another series of assurances and asseverations, proceeding from the same sources, about the excellence and the necessity of choosing the present economic system as the one to live under for the rest of its days? Can one be sure that youth has not, out of its experience in the last two years, proceeded at least as far as the wisdom of Josh Billings' observation that "it is no disgrace to be cheated by a man once, but to be cheated a second time, is."?

Possibly, since one man's guess about what is taking place in the mind of youth is as good as another's, possibly youth has seen that it was drawn into an old man's war, made by men destitute of the faintest understanding of youthful desires, aims and spirit; that those who planned craftily for over ten years, with their hoary notions of territorial, commercial, and financial empires, were old men practising old methods to preserve old systems. Possibly youth is considering a quick and complete dissolution of partnership, asking itself why it should go on indefinitely with those who have proved themselves incapable of appreciating the real values of life. Possibly it is contemplating the construction of a new kind of empire, being done with all notions of reconstructing the old one. Perhaps it considers that by its heroic sacrifices and self-denial, it has applied the final test of what the old systems governed by old men are worth to it, and has found them worth nothing. Perhaps it has done with leaders and is depending upon the leadership of its own instinct for justice.

All this is guess-work, but it is by no means impossible or fantastic guess-work. Its interest and possible importance lies in the fact that the young hold the future in their hands, and it is well to know as nearly as can be known, what they are likely to make of it.

VIGNETTES OF CITY LIFE.

I. THE FAN.

THE bookshop was old, in an old part of town, as age is reckoned in New York. It was much frequented by clergymen and was heavily stocked with bibles, commentaries, Sunday-school lessons, and "wholesome" fiction. There was one clerk, among several, who interested me more than the books, not because of his thinning and graying hair and his odd effect of having been planted there when the old building was erected and the shop opened, but because of his passion for the comparative statistics of base-ball. He knew Mike Kelly's batting average as well as he knew Ty Cobb's. He knew who had the highest fielding average in 1899 as well as in 1919. When he finished his morning paper and was ready for work in the shop, he had digested all the games of the day before, in both leagues, and tucked away in the capacious pigeon-holes of his mind each notable bit of play, for future reference. Beneath a counter he kept a big scrap-book containing masses of statistics for every year for a generation. At five minutes of four each day the newsboy from a stand near a subway-entrance across the street, brought him in two or three afternoon papers, which, if there were no customers, he opened at once at the sporting pages. If he were busy, he slipped them behind a pile of New Testaments, to await his leisure. None of the sporting-editors knew of his existence, or they would have made use of his unique and infallible information. As it was, nobody made use of it, not even he himself.

One day, to my amazement, I discovered from a chance remark—we were discussing the record of Grover Cleveland Alexander—that he had never seen Alexander pitch.

"But then," he added, with a faint smile, "I have never seen anybody pitch."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Did you never go to a ball game? I thought you were a fan."

"I never saw a professional game in my life," he answered.

"But don't you want to?"

"I've sometimes thought I might try it," he said, reflectively. "But I dislike crowds."

"But, good gracious—all this knowledge of yours, this statistical data—why have you—"

"Why do people play chess?" he smiled.

"Hanged if I know," said I.

He shrugged his shoulders, and turned to sell a commentary to a Methodist divine.

I hunted out the proprietor. "Look here," I said, "I've just learned that M——— has never been to a ball-game. Is that true?"

"I believe it is—odd, isn't it?"

"Odd?—It's a shame. He should be made to go," said I. "Will you let him off at one o'clock Saturday?"

"He has every other Saturday afternoon off, anyhow," the proprietor answered.

It required patient persuasion, but finally I got him on the "L," and landed him at the Polo Grounds. It was a fine baseball day, hot and bright. Being an old pitcher myself, I pointed out to him that his statistics failed to show one thing: the effect of weather on the muscles. My own experience always was that the curves "broke" better on a hot day. Would statistics bear me out? He took off his hat and mopped his forehead, where the graying hair had receded.

"But I can find all that out by a combined consultation of the weather-report and the box-score, in the morning paper," he said. "Why come way up here?"

The game was pretty good—not extraordinary, but with a couple of snappy double plays, a pretty home-run, an exciting last inning when the Giants with a one-run lead, held three opponents on bases, while the bleachers rent the atmosphere with adjurations. Yet M——— was quite frankly bored. The glare hurt his eyes. The noise offended his ears. He said he thought he might possibly enjoy watching these athletes in action if they were naked, showing all their muscles, and also dumb. But their clothes were ugly and their chatter ridiculous. The crowd jostled us rudely as we were squeezed out of the field and squeezed into a sweating carful to return down town, to the summer Saturday afternoon sedateness and somnolence of a side street below 14th.

He never went to another ball-game. But two months later he produced for me a note book in which the pitching records of some sixty games were set over against a statement of the temperature and the humidity.

"The facts are not yet conclusive," he said. "In the first place, they are not based on sufficient data. I have had the

weather reports from New York and Boston only. Next year I shall secure a Chicago and a Philadelphia paper as well. But I may say that a certain tendency to better, more effective pitching on days of combined high temperature and high humidity seems to be indicated. For instance, here is a record of eleven strike outs and no passes on a day when the temperature reached 98° at 2 P. M., and the humidity was slightly above normal; while here is a record of three pitchers knocked off the mound in two innings when the thermometer was only 58° at 4 P. M. However, I am far from satisfied yet. But it is an interesting point—very interesting. Pardon me. . . . Yes, sir, we have it, but it has been rather superseded by a later and better concordance. Let me show you that first."

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNO

SIRS:—I like most things about your first issue so much that I fear I shall weakly continue my subscription even tho you are counter-revolutionary in your spelling. But how can anyone in Noah Webster's America put any genuine feeling into an appeal to heed the claims of the "Labour" movement?

You may believe that progress in the matter of English spelling is of trifling importance, or of none. I should disagree, while admitting that there are other matters (in most of which I should be on your side) which have greater importance. But at least you might refrain from throwing your influence on the side of positiv reaction; from trying to reintroduce an orthographic barbarity that has been dead in this country for nearly a hundred years. It is, if you like, a pin-prick; but it is one which you might spare many of your readers, I should think, without much danger of offending any. For surely few of the small and select group of Anglofile "our-ists" will read the *Freeman*, even if bribed by the tempting bait of "Labour." They hate the thing so much that even the perfumed form of the name will scarcely tempt them. I am, etc.,

FRANKLIN EDGERTON.

Lansdowne, Pa.

[The orthography of the foregoing letter, which is reprinted literally, is perhaps the best answer we can give to our critic.—EDITORS.]

OUR CONSISTENT INCONSISTENCY

SIRS:—Thank you for the sample copy of the *Freeman*. I have read it with interest and pleasure. As a college teacher, I generally rely upon the college library for my periodical literature but if the *Freeman* continues to be as interesting and suggestive as this I may dig into my savings-bank account for the amount of your annual subscription price.

One of the things I like most about the *Freeman* is that it leaves me puzzled. It is delightfully different in this respect from our other "liberal" and "radical" weeklies. I think I know where to place the *New Republic* or the *Nation*, but I fail to tag the *Freeman*. What is its political and social philosophy? In your editorial on the railways you say that "political government, whether autocratic, constitutional, monarchical or republican, is primarily a device for maintaining and as far as possible deepening the stratification of society into two classes, a monopolist and exploiting class and a labouring class." This sounds somewhat familiar to me. As a student of the sociological doctrines of the Continent, I believe I can trace your point of view to their source in the philosophies of Proudhon, Kropotkin, Oppenheimer, and others. But how does this point of view lead you to commend the "simple and fundamental" programme of the Committee of Forty-eight? Am I to understand that the Committee of Forty-eight contemplates the complete abolition of "political government" or am I to conclude that the "stratification of society into two classes" will not be objectionable under the government sponsored by the Committee of Forty-eight?

The *Freeman* appears to be interested in clarifying the "essential nature of government." At the risk of sounding metaphysical, I would say that essence implies consistency. The first number of the *Freeman* has a charming incon-

sistency throughout. As a prospective "constant reader" I shall be curious to see how you will reconcile the two. My best wishes to you in the undertaking. I am, etc.

N. M. B.

A LONDON TEA-PARTY

SIRS:—In my judgment, and I ought to know, seeing as 'ow I was born within sound of Bow Bells, Mr. Gleason is a hundred per cent right in his judgment of "the inveterate English." In the course of his analysis—as penetrating as any I've seen—he says "The Briton plays [politics] as he plays cricket ... At any moment he may knock off for tea."

This reminds me of an incident I witnessed in London one afternoon last summer during the sittings of the Coal Commission. A ducal landowner was undergoing a stiff cross-examination. Presently, just as Robert Smillie's turn came to ask a few questions, the great doors of the King's Robing Room swung open and in came two uniformed waiters bearing gigantic trays of tea and biscuits, and for the next few minutes the members of the Commission and the witnesses and officials "knocked off for tea." As I watched them all pouring out the milk (cream is strictly *verboten* in England by the Food-Controller) and nicely adjusting the sugar to their taste, I wondered whether these "inveterate English" will knock off for tea when the barricades are up. I am, etc.,

B. V. W.

A STERN CRITIC

SIRS:—I thank you for your first issue—a most invigorating and tonic medicine. But your literary editor—to say nothing of Mr. Gilbert Cannan in whose article the error occurs—should know better than to say that Sterne wrote "they do these things better in France." "They order this matter better in France" are the words of Sterne. Moreover the father of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was Charles Doyle and not "Dicky" Doyle, who drew the cover for *Punch*. I am, etc.

R.

THE MULE AS PEDAGOGUE

SIRS:—I am pleased and yet somewhat disappointed with the first issue of the *Freeman*, which I would class with the *Nation* and kindred publications. . . . The trouble with all these magazines is that they will give no scientific explanation of the cause of the world's chaotic condition, nor will they advocate any remedy. They give us the same news as we get in the daily papers, but with a kick to it and plenty of criticism, and yet remain strictly non-committal. Just why they do this is beyond all conception unless it is that they wish to be simply sensational, and for the reason that from a monetary standpoint it pays to adhere to such a policy.

I suppose there is no other way for the American people to learn except as in the case of the farmer's new hand. Farmer Jones said to his neighbour one morning: "Jake, I can't teach that thar new hand of mine nuthin' about handlin' mules. Him and that mule don't get along tergether at all."

"Well, Sir, thar ain't nuthin' fer it as I kin see. He won't never learn nuthin' till the mule kicks 'im."

That is the case with the people of Germany today. If the mule has not kicked them hard enough this time it will have to kick them a little harder later on.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole's article is very good, except that he might have made it clear that the soviet would be the natural grouping of a people under a true democracy, and bolshevism would be non-existent. I am, etc.

A. L. BIGLER.

Norfolk, Virginia.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICAN ART

SIRS:—In their two admirable papers in your first issue Mr. Ernest A. Boyd and Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton hit a line that, I hope, you will follow hard. No paper, that I know, has yet discovered that there is perhaps, after all, an American art-product worth noticing. You can score heavily, if you take this up. Also, I am looking for the *Freeman's* "fundamental economics" announced in your prospectus. How long must I wait? I am, etc.

B. B.

THE GENESIS OF HUCK FINN.

At the circus you have watched some trained lion going through the sad motions of a career to which the tyrannical curiosity of men has constrained him. At times he seems to be playing his part with a certain zest; he has acquired a new set of superficial habits, and you would say that he finds them easy and pleasant. Under the surface, however, he remains the wild, exuberant creature of the jungle. It is only thanks to the eternal vigilance of his trainers and the guiding-lines they provide for him in the shape of the ring, the rack and all the rest of the circus-paraphernalia that he continues to enact this parody of his true life. Have his instincts been modified by the imposition of these new habits? Look at him at the moment when the trainer ceases to crack his whip and turns his back. In a flash another self has possessed him: in his glance, in his furtive gesture, you perceive the king of beasts once more. The sawdust of the circus has become the sand of the desert; twenty thousand years have rolled back in the twinkling of an eye.

So it was with Mark Twain. "We have no *real* morals," he wrote in one of his later letters, "but only artificial ones, morals created and preserved by the forced suppression of natural and healthy instincts." Now that is not true of the man who is master of himself. The morality of the free man is not based upon the suppression of his instincts but upon the discreet employment of them: it is a real and not an artificial morality, therefore, because the whole man subscribes to it. Mark Twain, as we know, had conformed to a moral régime in which the profoundest of his instincts could not function: the artist had been submerged in the bourgeois gentleman, the man of business, the respectable Presbyterian citizen. To play his part, therefore, he had to depend upon the cues his wife and his friends gave him. Here we have the explanation of his statement: "Outside influences, outside circumstances, wind the man and regulate him. Left to himself, he wouldn't get regulated at all, and the sort of time he would keep would not be valuable." We can see from this how completely his conscious self had accepted the point of view of his trainers, how fully he had concurred in their desire to repress that unmanageable creative instinct of his, how ashamed, in short, he was of it. Nevertheless, that instinct, while repressed, while unconscious, continued to live and manifest itself just the same. We know how, in the end, never having been able to develop, to express itself, to fulfill itself, to air itself in the sun and the wind of the world, it turned as it were black and malignant, like some monstrous, morbid inner growth, poisoning Mark Twain's whole spiritual system. Meanwhile, we can see its constant blind efforts to break through the censorship that had been imposed on it, to cross the threshold of the unconscious and play its part in the conscious life of this man whose will was always enlisted against it.

First of all, a few instances from his everyday life. We know that he was always chafing against the scheme of values, the whole social régime, that was represented by his wife and his friends. His conscious self urged him to maintain these values and this régime. His unconscious self strove against them, vetoed the force behind his will, pushed him in just the opposite direction. We find this conflict revealed in his story, "Those Extraordinary Twins," about an Italian counterpart of the famous Siamese monstrosity. "Whenever Luigi had possession of the legs, he carried Angelo to balls, rumshops, Sons of

Liberty parades, horse races, campaign riots, and everywhere else that could damage him with his party and his church; and when it was Angelo's week he carried Luigi diligently to all manner of moral and religious gatherings, doing his best to regain the ground he had lost." This story of the two incompatible spirits bound together in one flesh is, as we can see, the symbol of Mark Twain himself.

Glance at his business life. He pursued it with frantic eagerness, urged on by the self that loved success, popularity, prestige. Yet he was always in revolt against it. There were years during which he walked the floor at night, "over-wrought and unsettled," as he said, "by apprehensions—badgered, harassed"—and let us add Mr. Paine's adjectives—"worried, impatient, rash, frenzied and altogether upset," till he had to beg the fates for mercy, till he had to send his agent the pathetic, imploring appeal, "Get me out of business!" Why did he always fail in those spectacular ventures of his? Was it not because his will, which was enlisted in business, was not supported by a constant, fundamental desire to succeed in it, because, in fact, his fundamental desire pointed him just the other way?

Then there was his conventional domestic and social life. He had submerged himself in the rôle of the husband, the father, the neighbour, the citizen. At once he became the most absent-minded of men! His absent-mindedness, Mr. Paine assures us, was "by no means a development of old age," and he mentions two typical instances of it when Mark Twain was "in the very heyday of his mental strength." Once, when the house was being cleaned, he failed to recognize the pictures in his own drawing-room when he found them on the floor, and accused an innocent caller of having brought them there to sell. Plainly the eye of the householder was not confirmed by the instinctive love that makes one observant. The vagrant artist in him, in fact, was always protesting against the lot his other self had so fully accepted, the lot of being "bullyragged," as he said, by builders and architects and tapestry-devils and carpet-idiots and billiard-table-scoundrels and wildcat gardeners when what was really needed was "an incendiary." Moreover, "he was always forgetting engagements," we are told, "or getting them wrong." And this absent-mindedness had its tragic results too, for because of it, to his own everlasting remorse, Mark Twain became the innocent cause of the death of one of his children and only just escaped being the cause of the death of another. On one occasion, he was driving with his year-old-son on a snowy day and was so extraordinarily negligent that he let him catch a severe cold which developed into a fatal pneumonia; on the other, when he was out with one of his little daughters, he inadvertently let go of the perambulator and the baby, after a frightful slide down a steep hill, tumbled out, with her head bleeding, among the stones by the roadside. "I should not have been permitted to do it," he said of this first misadventure. "I was not qualified for any such responsibility as that. Some one should have gone who had at least the rudiments of a mind. Necessarily I would lose myself dreaming." Yes, Mark Twain was day-dreaming: that mind in which the filial and paternal instincts had almost supplanted every other caught itself wandering at the critical hour! And in that hour the "old Adam," the natural man, the suppressed poet, registered its tragic protest, took its revenge, against a life that had left no room for it. Truth comes out in the end. The most significant comment on Mark Twain's constant absent-mindedness as regards do-

mestic matters is to be found in Mr. Paine's record that in his dictations in old age he was extremely inaccurate on every subject except the genesis and writings of his books. We can see from this that although his conscious life had been overwhelmingly occupied with non-artistic and anti-artistic interests, his "heart," as we say, had always been, not in them, but in literature.

And how can we explain the fervour with which this comrade of Presbyterian ministers and pillars of society, this husband of that "heavenly whiteness," Mrs. Clemens, jots in his note-book observations like the following: "We may not doubt that society in heaven consists mainly of undesirable persons"? How can we explain that intemperate, that vehement, that furious obsession of animosity against the novels of Jane Austen except as an indirect venting of his hatred of the primness and priggishness of his own entourage? I should go even further, I should be even more specific, than this. Mr. Howells had been Mark Twain's literary mentor; Mr. Howells had "licked him into shape," had regenerated him artistically as his wife had regenerated him socially; Mr. Howells had set his pace for him, and Mark Twain, the candidate for gentility, had been overflowingly grateful. We know, as a matter of fact, that he delighted in the delicacy of Howells' mind and language. But this taste was wholly unrelated to anything else in Mark Twain's literary horizon. We can say, with all the more certainty because he "detested" novels in general, that if Howells' novels had been written by any one else than his friend and his mentor he would have ignored them as he ignored all other "artistic" writing, he would even have despised them as he despised all insipid writing. In short, this taste was a product of personal affection and gratitude; it was precisely on a par with his attitude toward the provincial social daintinesses of his wife. And in both cases, just in the measure that his conscious self had accepted these alien standards that had been imposed upon him, his unconscious self revolted against them. "I never saw a woman so hard to please," he writes in 1875, "about things she doesn't know anything about." Mr. Paine hastens to assure us that "the reference to his wife's criticism in this is tenderly playful, as always." But what a multitude of dark secrets that tender playfulness covers! Mark Twain's unconscious self barely discloses its claws in phrases like that, enough to show how strict was the censorship he had accepted. It cannot express itself directly; consequently, like a child who, desiring to strike its teacher, stamps upon the floor instead, it pours out its accumulated bitterness obliquely. When Mark Twain utters such characteristic aphorisms as "Heaven for climate, hell for society," we see the repressed artist in him striking out at Mrs. Clemens and the Reverend Joseph Twitchell, whose companionship the dominant Mark Twain called "a companionship which to me stands first after Livy's." Similarly, when he roars and rages against the novels of Jane Austen we can see that buried self taking vengeance upon Mr. Howells, with whom Jane Austen was a prime passion, who had even taken Jane Austen as a model.

In all these ways, these blind, indirect, extravagant, wasteful ways, the creative self in Mark Twain constantly strove to break through the censorship his own will had accepted, to cross the threshold of the unconscious. "A literary imp," says Mr. Paine, "was always lying in wait for Mark Twain, the imp of the burlesque, tempting him to do the *outré*, the outlandish, the shocking thing. It was this that Olivia Cle-

mens had to labour hardest against." Well she laboured, and well Mark Twain laboured with her; it was the spirit of the artist, bent upon upsetting the whole apple-cart of bourgeois conventions. They could, and they did, keep it in check; they arrested it and manhandled it and thrust it back; they shamed it and heaped scorn upon it and prevented it from interfering too much with the respectable tenor of their daily search for prestige and success. They could baffle it and distort it and oblige it to assume ever more complicated and grotesque disguises in order to elude them, but they could not kill it. In ways of which they were unaware it escaped their vigilance and registered itself in a sort of cipher, for us of another generation who have eyes to read, upon the texture of Mark Twain's writings.

For is it not perfectly plain that Mark Twain's books are shot through with all sorts of unconscious revelations of this internal conflict? In the Freudian psychology the dream is an expression of a suppressed wish. In dreams we do what our inner selves desire to do but have been prevented from doing either by the exigencies of our daily routine, or by the obstacles of convention, or by some other form of censorship which has been imposed upon us, or which we ourselves, actuated by some contrary desire, have willingly accepted. Many other dreams, however, are not so simple: they are often incoherent, nonsensical, absurd. In such cases it is because two opposed wishes, neither of which is fully satisfied, have met one another and resulted in a "compromise"—a compromise that is often as apparently chaotic as the collision of two railway trains running at full speed. These mechanisms, the mechanisms of the "wish-fulfilment" and the "wish-conflict," are evident, as Freud has shown, in many of the phenomena of everyday life. Whenever, for any reason, the censorship is relaxed, the censor is off guard, whenever we are day-dreaming and give way to our idle thoughts, then the unconscious bestirs itself and rises to the surface, gives utterance to those embarrassing slips of the tongue, those "tender playfulnesses" that express our covert intentions, slays our adversaries, sets our fancies wandering in pursuit of all the ideals and all the satisfactions upon which our customary life has stamped its veto. In Mark Twain's books, or rather in a certain group of them, his "fantasies," we can see this process at work. Certain significant obsessions reveal themselves there, certain fixed ideas; the same themes recur again and again. "I am writing from the grave," he notes in later life, regarding some manuscripts that are not to be published until after his death. "On these terms only can a man be approximately frank. He cannot be straitly and unqualifiedly frank either in the grave or out of it." When he wrote "Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "The American Claimant," "Those Extraordinary Twins," he was frank without knowing it. He, the unconscious artist, who, when he wrote his Autobiography, found that he was unable to tell the truth about himself, has conducted us unawares in these writings into the penetralia of his soul.

Glance, among these fantasies, at a simple example of "wish-fulfillment." When Captain Stormfield arrives in heaven, he is surprised to find that all sorts of people are esteemed among the celestials who have had no esteem at all on earth. Among them is Edward J. Billings of Tennessee. He was a poet during his lifetime, but the Tennessee village folk scoffed at him; they would have none of him, they made cruel sport of him. In heaven things are different; there

the celestials recognize the divinity of his spirit, and in token of this Shakespeare and Homer walk backward before him.

Here, as we see, Mark Twain is unconsciously describing the actual fate of his own spirit and that ample other fate his spirit desires. It is the story of Cinderella, the despised step-sister who is vindicated by the prince's favour, rewritten in terms personal to the author. We note the significant parallel that the Tennessee village where the unappreciated poet lived to the scornful amusement of his neighbours is a duplicate of the village in which Mark Twain had grown up, the milieu of *Huck Finn* and *Tom Sawyer*.

This inference is corroborated by the similar plight of Pudd'nhead Wilson, the sardonic philosopher whom we should have identified with Mark Twain even if we did not know that Pudd'nhead's "calendar" was so far Mark Twain's own calendar that he continued it in two later books, "Following the Equator" and "A Double-Barrelled Detective Story." Pudd'nhead, in short, is simply another Edward J. Billings and the village folk treat him in just the same fashion.

For some years, [says the author,] Wilson had been privately at work on a whimsical almanac, for his amusement—a calendar, with a little dab of ostensible philosophy, usually in ironical form, appended to each date, and the judge thought that these quips and fancies of Wilson's were neatly turned and cute; so he carried a handful of them around one day, and read them to some of the chief citizens. But irony was not for those people; their mental vision was not focussed for it. They read those playful trifles in the soldest earnest and decided without hesitation that if there ever had been any doubt that Dave Wilson was a pudd'nhead—which there hadn't—this revelation removed that doubt for good and all."

And hear how the half-breed Tom Driscoll baits him before all the people in the square: "Dave's just an all-round genius—a genius of the first water, gentleman; a great scientist running to seed here in this village, a prophet with the kind of honour that prophets generally get at home—for here they don't give shucks for his scientifics, and they call his skull a notion-factory—hey, Dave, ain't it so? . . . Come, Dave, show the gentlemen what an inspired Jack-at-all-science we've got in this town and don't know it." Is it possible to doubt that here, more than half consciously, Mark Twain was picturing the fate that had, in so real a sense, made a buffoon of him? Hardly, when we consider the vindictive delight with which he pictures Pudd'nhead outmanoeuvring the village folk and triumphing over them in the end.

Observe, now, the deadly temperamental earnestness of "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," a story written late in life when his great fame and position enabled him to override the censorship and speak with more or less candour. "The temptations and the downfall of a whole town," says Mr. Paine,

"was a colossal idea, a sardonic idea, and it is colossally and sardonically worked out. Human weakness and rotten moral force were never stripped so bare or so mercilessly jeered at in the market-place. For once Mark Twain could hug himself with glee in derision of self-righteousness, knowing that the world would laugh with him, and that none would be so bold as to gainsay his mockery. Probably no one but Mark Twain ever conceived the idea of demoralizing a whole community—of making its 'nineteen leading citizens' ridiculous by leading them into a cheap, glittering temptation, and having them yield and openly perjure themselves at the very moment when their boasted incorruptibility was to amaze the world."

It was the "leading citizens," the pillars of society Mark Twain had himself been hobnobbing with all those years, the very people in deference to whom he had suppressed his true opinions, his real desires, who

despised him for what he was and admired him only for the success he had attained in spite of it—it was these people, his friends, who had, in so actual a sense, imposed upon him, that he attacks in this terrible story of the passing stranger who took such a vitriolic joy in exposing their pretensions and their hypocrisy. "I passed through your town at a certain time, and received a deep offence which I had not earned. . . . I wanted to damage every man in the place, and every woman." Is not that the unmistakable voice of the misprized poet and philosopher in Mark Twain, the worm that has turned, the angel that has grown diabolical in a world that has refused to recognize its divinity?

Here, in these two or three instances, we have the wish-fulfillment in its clearest form. Elsewhere we find the wish, the desire of the suppressed poet for self-effectuation, expressing itself in many vague hopes and vague regrets. It is the sentiment of the suppressed poet in all of us that he voices in his letter to Howells about the latter's novel, "Indian Summer"—saying that it gives a body "a cloudy sense of his having been a prince, once, in some enchanted, far-off land, and of being an exile now, and desolate—and Lord, no chance ever to get back there again"! And consider the unfinished tale of "The Mysterious Chamber," "the story," as Mr. Paine describes it, "of a young lover who is accidentally locked behind a secret door in an old castle and cannot announce himself. He wanders at last down into subterranean passages beneath the castle, and he lives in this isolation for twenty years." There is something inescapably personal about that. As for the character of the Colonel Sellers of "The American Claimant"—so different from the Colonel Sellers of "The Gilded Age," who is supposed to be the same man and whom Mark Twain had drawn after one of his uncles—every one has noted that it is a burlesque upon his own preposterous business life. Isn't it more than this? That rightful claimant to the great title of nobility, living in exile among those fantastic dreams of wealth that always deceive him—isn't he the obscure projection of the lost heir in Mark Twain himself, inept in the business life he is living, incapable of substantiating his claim, and yet forever beguiled by the hope that some day he is going to win his true rank and live the life he was intended for? The shadowy claim of Mark Twain's mother's family to an English earldom is not sufficient to account for his constant preoccupation with this idea.

Just before Mark Twain's death, he recalled, says Mr. Paine, "one of his old subjects, Dual Personality, and discussed various instances that flitted through his mind—Jekyll and Hyde phases in literature and fact." One of his old subjects, Dual Personality! Could he ever have been aware of the extent to which his writings revealed that conflict in himself? Why was he so obsessed by journalistic facts like the Siamese Twins and the Tichborne case, with its theme of the lost heir and the usurper? Why is it that the idea of changelings in the cradle perpetually haunted his mind, as we can see from "Puddn'head Wilson" and "The Gilded Age" and the variation of it that constitutes "The Prince and the Pauper"? The prince who has submerged himself in the rôle of the beggar-boy—Mark Twain has drawn himself there, just as he has drawn himself in the "William Wilson" theme of "The Facts Concerning the Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut," where he ends by dramatically slaying the conscience that torments him. And as for that pair of incompatibles bound together in one

flesh—the Extraordinary Twins, the "good" boy who has followed the injunctions of his mother and the "bad" boy of whom society disapproves—how many of Mark Twain's stories and anecdotes turn upon that same theme, that same juxtaposition!—does he not reveal there, in all its nakedness, as I have said, the true history of his life?

It is only after some such explanation as this that we can understand the supremacy among all Mark Twain's writings of "Huckleberry Finn." Through the character of Huck, that disreputable, illiterate little boy, as Mrs. Clemens no doubt thought him, he was licensed to let himself go. We know how indifferent his sponsors were to the writing and the fate of this book: "nobody," says Mr. Paine, "appears to have been especially concerned about Huck, except, possibly, the publisher." The more indifferent they were, the freer was Mark Twain! Anything that little vagabond said might be safely trusted to pass the censor, just because he was a little vagabond, just because, as an irresponsible boy, he could not, in the eyes of the mighty ones of this world, know anything in any case about life, morals and civilization. That Mark Twain was almost, if not quite, conscious of his opportunity we can see from his introductory note to the book; "Persons attempting to find a motive in this narrative will be prosecuted; persons attempting to find a moral in it will be banished; persons attempting to find a plot in it will be shot." He feels so secure of himself that he can actually challenge the censor to accuse him of having a motive! Huck's illiteracy, Huck's disreputableness and general outrageousness are so many shields behind which Mark Twain can let all the cats out of the bag with impunity. He must, I say, have had a certain sense of his unusual security when he wrote some of the more cynically satirical passages of the book, when he permitted Colonel Sherburn to taunt the mob, when he drew that picture of the audience who had been taken in by the Duke proceeding to sell the rest of their townspeople, when he has the King put up the notice, "Ladies and Children not Admitted," and add: "There, if that line don't fetch them, I don't know Arkansaw!" The withering contempt for humankind expressed in these episodes was of the sort that Mark Twain expressed more and more openly, as time went on, in his own person; but he was not indulging in that costly kind of cynicism in the days when he wrote "Huckleberry Finn." He must, therefore, have appreciated the license that little vagabond, like the puppet on the lap of a ventriloquist, afforded him. This, however, was only a trivial detail in his general sense of happy expansion of ecstatic liberation. "Other places do seem so cramped up and smothery, but a raft don't," says Huck, on the river; "you feel mighty free and easy and comfortable on a raft." Mark Twain himself was free at last!—that raft and that river to him were something more than mere material facts. His whole unconscious life, the pent-up river of his own soul, had burst its bonds and rushed forth, a joyous torrent! Do we need any other explanation of the abandon, the beauty, the eternal freshness of "Huckleberry Finn"? Perhaps we can say that a lifetime of moral slavery and repression was not too much to pay for it. Certainly, if it flies like a gay, bright, shining arrow through the tepid atmosphere of American literature, it is because of the straining of the bow, the tautness of the string, that gave it its momentum.

Yes, if we did not know, if we did not feel, that Mark Twain was intended for a vastly greater destiny, for the rôle of a demigod, in fact, we might

have been glad of all those petty restrictions and misprisions he had undergone, restrictions that had prepared the way for this joyous release. No smoking on Sundays! No "swearing" allowed! Neckties having to be bothered over! That everlasting diet of Ps and Qs, petty Ps and pettier Qs, to which Mark Twain had had to submit, the domestic diet of Mrs. Clemens, the literary diet of Mr. Howells, those second parents who had taken the place of his first—we have to thank it, after all, for the vengeful solace we find in the promiscuous and general revolt of Huckleberry Finn:

"Don't talk about it, Tom. I've tried it and it don't work; it don't work, Tom. It ain't for me; I ain't used to it. The widder's good to me, and friendly; but I can't stand them ways. She makes me git up just at the same time every morning; she makes me wash, they comb me all to thunder; she won't let me sleep in the woodshed; I got to wear them blamed clothes that just smothers me, Tom; they don't seem to any air git through 'em, somehow; and they're so rotten nice that I can't set down, nor lay down, nor roll around anywher's; I hain't slid on a cellar door for—well, it 'pears to be years; I got to go to church and sweat and sweat—I hate them ornery sermons! I can't ketch a fly in there, I can't chaw, I got to wear shoes all Sunday. The widder eats by a bell; she goes to bed by a bell; she gits up by a bell—everything's so awful reg'lar a body can't stand it."

"Well, everybody does that way, Huck."

"Tom, it don't make no difference. I ain't everybody, and I can't stand it. It's awful to be tied up so. I got to ask to go a-fishing; I got to ask to go in a-swimming—dern'd if I hain't got to ask to do everything. Well, I'd got to talk so nice it wasn't no comfort—I'd got to go up in the attic and rip out a while, every day, to git a taste in my mouth, or I'd a died, Tom. The widder wouldn't let me smoke; she wouldn't let me yell, she wouldn't let me gape, nor stretch, nor scratch, before folks . . . I had to shove, Tom—I just had to. . . . Now these clothes suits me, and this bar'l suits me, and I ain't ever going to shake 'em any more. . . ."

I began with the analogy of the lion in the circus. You see what happens with Mark Twain when the trainer turns his back.

VAN WYCK BROOKS.

MYSTICISM AND SCIENCE.

THAT a physicist of Sir Oliver Lodge's standing should champion the belief in spiritism has aroused more astonishment than the fact warrants. Savants with a bias towards the occult are anything but a novelty, and Sir Oliver is by no means the foremost among them. Of his contemporaries and immediate predecessors, Sir William Crookes and Alfred Russell Wallace—the one famed for his researches in electricity, the other as the co-discoverer of natural selection—were both members of the Psychical Research Society, both dabbled in the mysterious, and William James viewed experiment along these lines with rather more than benevolent neutrality. Continental examples are abundant. Gustav Theodor Fechner, a physician by training, an expert in mathematics and physics, the founder of psycho-physics and of experimental aesthetics, was saturated with mystical conceptions and did not disdain interest in mediumistic performances. Pascal did not scruple to accept the curative virtue of relics, and seriously debated whether the devil had not the power of performing miracles. Kepler, whose own aunt had been burnt for sorcery, firmly believed in witchcraft. Newton's tinkering with the interpretation of the Apocalypse is well-known. Instead of being surprised that great natural philosophers are also sometimes mystics, it might be more reasonable to inquire why such a thing should ever be thought inconsistent.

If the patent historical facts go unobserved, it is partly because they are eclipsed by the attitude that undoubtedly is taken by many recent representatives of science. What the public ignores is that this attitude is the consequence of a unique situation rather than of a necessity inherent in scientific work. Scientists became intolerant of spiritual manifestations not because their precipitates or microscopic slides or astronomical observations refuted them, but because certain of their conclusions bearing more particularly on the relation of man to the universe collided with theological opinion. The intolerance and animosity of orthodoxy, wherever it wielded political power and controlled the educational system, inevitably angered the persecuted scholars into a bitter hostility not only against the State-supported churches but against religion; not merely against religion, again, but against any vestige of mysticism. This sentiment was naturally strongest with those who widened the evolutionary doctrines into a new world-view to be disseminated in place of the old faith. It is not strange that the men of propagandist zeal gained the widest hearing and most profoundly affected popular conceptions of the "scientific" position. But even men without the prophet's gift were often goaded into a position of extreme hostility to the current creed when they were ostracized by public opinion or persecuted by an unholy alliance of ecclesiasticism with politics. The potency of the social environment in moulding at least the emotional undertone of one's convictions becomes apparent when we contrast even so doughty a controversialist as Huxley with his infinitely more acrimonious Continental compeers who were obliged to struggle not only against the inevitable conservatism of the lay mind but against the organized forces of reaction. Even in our country, where State and church are nominally divorced, teachers professing Darwinian principles were long excluded from many institutions of learning. Small wonder if the investigator, hampered in grappling with his daily problems and still more in enunciating his results, not only resented ecclesiasticism but also developed a hatred of all its associated institutions and beliefs. The materialistic conception of the universe may or may not be valid; but that peculiar virulence with which post-Darwinian scientists have often held it, was rooted in the very special conditions of the period; and its prolongation into an epoch of complete academic freedom from theological interference will be reckoned an anachronism by future generations.

But the widespread opinion as to a necessary conflict between science and mysticism has another source in a peculiarity of popular psychologizing. Popular fancy, with its lack of subtlety, creates a "scientific man" as the earlier political philosophers created an "economic man." Both figments are impossible monstrosities. Scientific ability is no more than musical ability a single homogeneous faculty. When a modern psychologist addresses himself to the study of musical talent, he comes to analyze it into some dozen traits corresponding roughly to the animal breeder's "unit-characters." Professor Seashore, whose talent-charts have amply proved their value in the vocational guidance of would-be musicians, finds that there is no necessary correlation between any two of these several gifts. Acuity of hearing and voice-control are distinct components of the musician's psyche; a person may have a keen sense of pitch yet lack the sense of consonance; and so forth. Now precisely the same type of analysis must be applied in studying individual variability in our men of science. Even in the

same branch of knowledge, very different capacities may prove significant. One chemist excels in manipulatory skill, another in his power of generalization; one mind formulates a whole system with consummate perfection, another leaps rapidly from one new idea to another, leaving to disciples the task of further development. It is fruitless to debate which gift is in an absolute sense most important, when all are mutually complementary and indispensable to the progress of knowledge; any preference must be a matter of individual taste.

But under the stimulus of that altogether special sociological situation characteristic of the latter half of the last century, people have grown accustomed to stress one element in scientific activity to the detriment of all others; to wit, sobriety of judgment. The individual of "scientific mind" is the doubting Mis-sourian, as skeptical of his own ideas as of received opinions. He is the cool and critical logic-chopper living continually in the empyrean of pure reason. Yet apart from the grotesque caricature of this ideal presented by the average scientist in the flesh, a moment's reflection should suffice to expose the inadequacy of this conception. For critical judgment, notwithstanding its splendid secondary value, is evidently a merely corrective, not a creative force. The great advances in science, as elsewhere, were made precisely when some bold enthusiast, throwing caution to the winds and snapping his fingers at the austere verdict of Philistine colleagues, struck out for himself along untrodden paths. Sometimes the innovator knew whither he was going, and often not. A Faraday crushes dozens of novel conceptions in the silence of his laboratory; another, not less resourceful but less Puritanical in his ethics does not scruple to make the world his confidant whenever a new idea strikes him, leaving to others the task of winnowing grain from chaff. To limit the honour of being scientific to those combining sobriety with inspiration, would be to exclude some of the most potent promoters of scientific knowledge.

Thus even in the strictly professional sphere, not a few scientists react as care-free imaginative spirits rather than as skeptical Gradgrind-like spoil-sports. Still, on their own ground they are in some measure restrained by the technique of scientific routine, which, like the technique of every act, tends to check the exuberance of an unbridled fancy. The very investigator whose enthusiasm impels him beyond safety in his own explorations, may evince much solid common-sense when required to review the theories of his compeers.

But the case is radically altered when the scientist is suddenly thrust into a wholly novel situation, or even into a familiar one removed from the domain of his specialty. Here his painfully acquired virtuosity counts for naught. He has not learned to discern truth and error in the abstract, but only under the highly specialized circumstances of his workshop which are not likely to be duplicated anywhere outside. Apart from his wonted surroundings, his judgment may not be one jot keener, not one jot less biased, than that of his neighbour. The scientist, like his fellow-men, sucks in with his mother's milk the folklore of his social group. He may be an independent thinker on double stars, but if he is bred from Southern aristocrats his view of the Negro will not necessarily be unclouded. He may triumph over the traditions of the learned guild when blazing a trail in the investigation of the atom, yet re-echo automatically the nursery's

teachings on cosmogony or the hereafter, or the demagogue's clap-trap about the protective tariff.

From considerations like the foregoing it is not difficult to understand how a combination of circumstances may prove favourable for the development of a scientific mystic. Take a man whose *forte* in professional work lies less in his critical sense than in his susceptibility to new impressions, spontaneity of associations, and youthful enthusiasm. Such a one will be prone to error in his own line and doubly so when freed from the shackles of his class-technique. Assume a strong religious training to lay the foundation for a belief in the supernatural, and under some incidental stress of circumstances, say a domestic bereavement, the notion of direct communication with the spirit world is no longer paradoxical. Scientific experience itself may prompt against the negative decrees of scientific orthodoxy; for hundreds of times—about the steam-engine, for instance, and the phonograph and the flying-machine—the learned sceptics have been put to naught. Given the will to believe, there is nothing in the most exact branches of knowledge to prevent belief in spirits.

It is not science but the philosophy of science, the world-view based on scientific method and an integration of all available knowledge, that acts as a deterrent from the acceptance of occult phenomena. The philosopher who has embraced the culture of his time can link the sciences of the modern seer with the shamanistic performances of primitive man, and estimate them accordingly at their true value. To him the principles upon which facts are established are not tools lightly to be tossed aside when the hours of technical labour are over. For him there are no intellectual holidays and the canons for determining truth are valid everywhere and at all times.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

POETRY.

PAIN.

Pain is a beckoning hand,
A voice that seems to say,
"This way!"

Pain is an opening window,
Wide wings that stretch to fly:
Beyond, the sky!

Pain is a light too near,
Blinded I grope along—
To song!

FRIENDS.

Grief shall not be my friend! She shall not be
Companion of my table, path or bed,
She shall not share my salt nor break my bread,
Nor walk nor weep nor dream nor wake with me.
I will not trust her mournful company,
Nor listen to her whisperings of the dead,
Why should I heed her drooping eye-lids' red?
Tears are but chains and I—I would be free!

For grief would make a laggard of my will
And me a puny thing of anguished need,—
A memory—and I would die at length,
Close to the thought of you and loving still!
So will I choose a friend of stouter creed,
The wingless, tearless thing the heart calls strength.

LEONORA SPEYER.

LEO SHESTOV.

Leo Shestov is a contemporaneous Russian philosopher, about fifty-four years old, and almost unknown to American readers. In his most recent volume, from which the following paragraphs are taken, he arranges his philosophy as Marcus Aurelius, Joubert, and Pascal arranged theirs, in the form of brief, unrelated, and aphoristic meditations.

THE most important and significant revelations come into the world naked, without a wordy garment. To find words for them is a delicate, difficult business, a whole art. Stupidities and banalities, on the contrary, appear at once in ready-made apparel, gaudy even if shabby. So that they are ready straight away to be presented to the public.

MAN is often quite indifferent to success whilst he has it. But once he loses his power over people, he begins to fret. And—vice versa.

A CATERPILLAR is transformed into a chrysalis, and for a long time lives in a warm, quiet, little world. Perhaps if it had human consciousness it would declare that *that* world was the best, perhaps the only one possible to live in. But there comes a time when some unknown influence causes the little creature to begin the work of destruction. If other caterpillars could see it how horrified they would be, revolted to the bottom of their souls by the awful work in which the insurgent is engaged. They would call it immoral, godless; they would begin to talk about pessimism, scepticism, and so on. To destroy what has cost such labour to construct! Why, what is wrong with this complete, cosy, comfortable, little world? To keep it intact they call to their aid sacred morality and the idealistic theory of knowledge. Nobody cares that the caterpillar has grown wings, that when it has nibbled its old nest away it will fly out into space—nobody gives a thought to this. Wings—that is mysticism; self-nibbling—this is actuality. Those who are engaged in such actuality deserve torture and execution. And there are plenty of prisons and voluntary hangmen on the bright earth. The majority of books are prisons, and great authors are not bad hangmen.

To be irremediably unhappy—this is shameful. An irremediably unhappy person is outside the laws of the earth. Any connexion between him and society is severed finally. And since, sooner or later, every individual is doomed to irremediable unhappiness, the last word of philosophy is loneliness.

If you want people to envy you your sorrow or your shame, look as if you were proud of it. If you have only enough of the actor in you, rest assured, you will become the hero of the day. Since the parable of the Pharisee and the publican was uttered, what a lot of people who could not fulfil their sacred duties pretended to be publicans and sinners, and so aroused sympathy, even envy.

PHILOSOPHERS dearly love to call their utterances "truths," since in that guise they become binding upon us all. But each philosopher invents his own truths. Which means that he asks his pupils to deceive themselves in the way he shows, but that he reserves the option of deceiving himself in his own way. Why? Why not allow everyone to deceive himself just as he likes?

NOT to know what you want is considered a shameful weakness. To confess it is to lose for ever not only the reputation of a writer, but even of a man. None the less, "conscience" demands such a confession. True, in this case as in most others the demands of conscience are satisfied only when they incur no very dire consequences. Leaving aside the fact that people are no longer terrified of the once-so-terrible public opinion (the public has

been tamed, it listens with reverence to what is told to it, and never dares judge)—the admission "I do not know myself what I want" seems to offer a guarantee of something important. Those who know what they want generally want trifles, and attain to inglorious ends: riches, fame, or, at the best, progress, or a philosophy of their own. Even now it is sometimes not a sin to laugh at such wonders, and may be the time is coming when a rehabilitated Hamlet will announce, not with shame but with pride: "I don't in the least know what I want." And the crowd will applaud him, for the crowd always applauds heroes and proud men.

If fate—and they say there is such a law—punishes criminals, it has its penalty also for the lovers of good. The former it throttles, the latter it spits upon. The former end in bitter torment, the latter in ignominy.

PHILOSOPHY has always loved to occupy the position of a servant. In the Middle Ages she was the *ancilla theologiae*; nowadays she waits on science. At the same time she calls herself the science of sciences.

WE know nothing of the ultimate realities of our existence, nor shall we ever know anything. Let that be agreed. But it does not follow that, therefore, we must accept some or other dogmatic theory as a *modus vivendi*, no, not even positivism, which has such a sceptical face on it. If only follows that man is free to change his conception of the universe as often as he changes his boots or his gloves, and that constancy of principle belongs only to one's relationships with other people, in order that they may know how and to what extent they may depend on us. Therefore, on principle man should respect order in the external world and complete chaos in the inner. And for those who find it difficult to bear such a duality, some internal order might also be provided. Only, they should not pride themselves on it, but always remember that it is a sign of their weakness, pettiness, dullness.

THE best, the most effective way of convincing a reader is to begin one's argument with inoffensive, commonplace assertions. When suspicion has been sufficiently lulled, and a certainty has been begot that what follows will be a confirmation of the reader's own accepted views—then has the moment arrived to speak one's mind openly, but still in the same easy tone, as if there were no break in the flow of truisms. The logical connexion is unimportant, Consequence of manner and intonation is much more impressive than consequence of ideas. The thing to do is to go on, in the same suave tone, from uttering a series of banalities to expressing a new and dangerous thought, without any break. If you succeed in this, the business is done. The reader will not forget—the new words will plague and torment him until he has accepted them.

THE habit of logical thinking kills imagination. Man is convinced that the only way to truth is through logic, and that any departure from this way leads to error and absurdity. The nearer we approach the ultimate questions of existence, in our departure from logicality, the more deadly becomes the state of error we fall into. The Ariadne-ball has become all unwound long ago, and man is at the end of the tether. But he does not know, he holds the end of the thread firmly, and marks time with energy on the same spot, imagining his progress, and little realizing the ridiculous situation into which he has fallen. How should he realize, considering the innumerable precautions he has taken to prevent himself from losing the logical way? He had better have stayed at home. Once he set out, once he decided to be a Theseus and kill the Minotaur, he should have given himself up, forfeited the old attachment, and been ready never to escape from the labyrinth. True, he would have risked losing Ariadne: and this is why long journeys should be undertaken only after family connexions have become a burden. Such being the case, a man deliberately cuts the thread which binds him

to hearth and home, so that he may have a legitimate excuse to his conscience for not going back. Philosophy must have nothing in common with logic; philosophy is an art which aims at breaking the logical continuity of argument and bringing man out on the shoreless sea of imagination, the fantastic tides where everything is equally possible and impossible. Certainly it is difficult, given sedentary habits of life, to be a good philosopher. The fact that the fate of philosophy has ever lain in the hands of professors can only be explained by the reluctance of the envious gods to give omniscience to mortals. Whilst stay-at-home persons are searching for truth, the apple will stay on the tree. The business must be undertaken by homeless adventurers, born nomads, to whom *ubi bene ibi patria*. It seems to me that but for his family and his domesticity, Count Tolstoy, who lived to such a ripe old age, might have told us a great many important and interesting things. . . . Or, perhaps, had he not married, like Nietzsche he would have gone mad. "If you turn to the right, you will marry, if to the left, you will be killed." A true philosopher never chooses the middle course; he needs no riches, he does not know what to do with money. But whether he turns to the right or to the left, nothing pleasant awaits him.

PAINTING.

RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON.

THERE is pathos in the life of Bonington; it was so short, so busy, so full of beauty and charm. No young painter's life was so rich in promise; he is the Keats of painting. They were contemporaries, and neither reached the age of thirty; but each left treasures which have enriched the race. Bonington was born in Nottinghamshire in October, 1801, and, as a lad, roamed the green glades of Sherwood Forest, and watched the sunlight and the summer breeze play upon the Trent. His father seems to have been a lover of nature, a humanitarian, and an artist of parts; indeed the boy was prepared for his career by his father in the open fields, where all the play of nature lay before him in his early years.

The Bonington family left England in 1816 for Paris, and shortly after they were settled there Richard was found studying in the Louvre. He was, occasionally, a pupil of Baron de Gros. But his spirit was too free to be caught in the routine of the schools. His early training had given him a long start of the students he met at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts; and his new-found friends soon discovered that he would go his own way to the goal, expressing his conceptions with originality. How much he gained in positive instruction from the French artists cannot be computed, for it is pretty clear that he was a rebel from the first year of his sojourn in Paris. He was not the product of any school; he was original, and created the elements upon which the French school of landscape was founded. He could not have seen, much less have studied, the works of Constable and Turner before he left England for Paris in 1816. There is no record before that date of his spending any time away from Nottinghamshire. How often he visited London between 1816 and 1822, is not known; we do, however, know that he spent most of those years in France. He went to Italy in 1822, in which year he exhibited for the first time; two water-colors at the Salon, for which he received a premium from the Société des Amis des Arts. At the famous Salon of 1824 he was awarded a gold medal for his works. In 1824 Constable's "Haywain" created a sensation when it was exhibited at the

Louvre; but Bonington had already, when only twenty-three years old, won the admiration of the most eminent artists of France. That Constable and Turner should divide the credit of taking the secret of painting air and sunshine from England to France can be best explained by the fact that in later years their works attracted a circle of admirers who imagined that these masters were the precursors of Bonington.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about this young artist was his abounding versatility. It did not matter what he put his hand to; even in lithography, he "achieved notable victories." In oils his performances "were worthy of the masters of his time."

As a lad [wrote Eugene Delacroix] he developed an astonishing dexterity in the use of water-colours, which were in 1817 an English novelty. Other artists were perhaps more powerful or more accurate than Bonington, but no one in the modern school, perhaps no earlier artist, possessed the ease of execution which makes his works, in a certain sense, diamonds by which the eye is pleased and fascinated, quite independently of the subject and the particular representation of nature. The same is true of the costume-pictures which he afterwards painted. Even here I could never grow weary of marvelling at his sense of effort and his great ease of execution. Not that he was quickly satisfied; on the contrary, he often began over again perfectly finished pieces which seemed wonderful to us. His dexterity was, however, so great that in a moment he produced with his brush new effects which were as charming as the first and more truthful.

Such is the glowing tribute of a great French artist who was the friend and comrade of Bonington. "No Frenchman before him had so painted the play of light on gleaming costumes and succulent greens," says Richard Muther. One of the first to make an appearance in the Romantic school, "he was the most natural and the most delicate." The training he received as a lad when he wandered with his father along the banks of English rivers, through the woods, and among the dells of a country full of subtle colour and ever-changing effects of light, gave him the alert vision of the artist who comprehends the secret charms of nature, and appreciates her grace and beauty everywhere. He, perhaps more than any other painter, could add a spiritual tone to the atmospheric vagaries of day and night and the changing colours of the seasons.

Most of his works are to be found in the Wallace collection and at Hartford House. There are three of his water-colours in the South Kensington Museum. Few are to be found in private collections. There are two Boningtons in the Metropolitan Museum of Art which are really fine examples of his work. One, a landscape, is a view of Mantes on the Seine, but it loses much in interest because its brilliance is dulled by a coat of discoloured varnish. If this varnish were removed, the picture would gain enormously in light and colour-values. As it is, the water and heavy logs in the foreground seem to be of the same tone and texture as the tree, which is without any value of shadow at all. Up the river in the distance are the spires of the church of Notre Dame, a foundation which dates from the twelfth century. The tower of St. Maclou rises above a group of trees. The banks of the river on the right should be full of light, showing cattle browsing on the rising ground and drinking at the water's edge. There are figures in the foreground reclining on logs. One of these figures has, of course, the famous Bonington spot of red, a touch of colour used with wonderful effect. Over all is the great spreading sky

full of fine warm light; the sky the artist gave to most of his pictures, which seems always like a watching soul hovering tenderly over the earth.

The second picture, called "Seacoast," gives a pretty good idea of what the other picture really contains in the way of fine values; for in this scene of sand and sea and sky there is a luminosity which only Bonington could produce. The radiant air seems to tremble, and suggests that feeling of exhilaration which comes when we walk along the shore and turn our faces to the reviving breeze. Here are simplicity and sincerity in all their grace. Again there is the glorious, spreading sky, rising from the deep horizon of the sea, like a curtain of glowing pearl. In the foreground there are heavy stretches of shore and sand interspersed with luminous pools; the sea rolls in, under the pressure of a light wind. There are several figures, full of animation and colour, with a magical atmospheric effect of fineness and clearness thrown about them. A glimmering path of light stretches from the edge of the water straight down the foreground; a reflection coming from we know not where—perhaps from the sun behind a great billow of cloud, perhaps shot across the sea and mirrored in the crests of wavelets thrown upon the shore.

In the Hearn Collection at the Metropolitan there is a third painting catalogued as by Bonington, which does not quite establish itself as a work of the young master, but rather as a good example of the work of William Shayer. Mr. John McFadden's collection has a Bonington of singular beauty. It is a beach scene; again, nearly all sand and sea and sky, but of a purity of atmosphere unsurpassed anywhere. In the "Chateau of the Duchess DeBerri," a scene on the Garonne, one enjoys, again, the exhilaration of great space, with its splendid rolling white clouds revealing here and there the blueness of a sky which exchanges colour with the ocean and feels its mists. Again, in this picture, there is the spot of red—the touch of colour used afterwards so often by Corot—in the coat of the boy. The river itself is almost without a ripple. The boats are in-shore, and their sails hang drowsily at the masts. The chateau lies away in the background, imbedded in a grove of trees, and does not dominate the scene.

The exhilaration of great space is communicated by some of his street scenes showing fine specimens of old architecture. The Venetian scenes are monumental in architectural effect, and they also give the sense of vastness, by the perspective, and by the sky that hangs like a canopy at the back. An exception to this characteristic of the greater number of his works, is to be found in a picture of quite unusual distinction that was shown at the Art-Treasures Exhibition in Manchester in 1857. It is called "An Old Turk." A man reclines upon a divan, his long narghile lies across his knees. The subject is simple enough, but it is so full of the langour of the East, both in its setting, and in the countenance and attitude of the Turk, that one wonders how an English boy who spent most of his life in England and France could have depicted so accurately the characteristics of an alien race. It is, however, the colour in this picture that is so wonderful; the greens, blues, and blacks glow with animation and they are harmonized in a masterly way. No better work of its kind has come from his contemporaries either of Britain or France. The technique is equal to Gainsborough's; the brush-work and finish as smooth, as clear, as Raeburn's and Decamps'.

Bonington died before he had completed his twenty-seventh year. Sir Thomas Lawrence said he had never known, except in the case of George Harlow, "the early death of talent so promising, and so rapidly and obviously improving." The young artist whom the French called "our Bonington," was characteristically English in self and work. He was perhaps more individualistic than any of his contemporaries. With all the care and pains he took to improve his work there could be in it no scamping of essentials; he was thorough and fundamental, there was nothing of the "scenic artist" about him. He revealed himself in his works; they show his full vision of things eternal, his yearning for beauty in life itself, his kinship with the immensities, his desire to linger in nature's loveliness, and to enjoy her gifts to the full.

MISCELLANY.

In these days of a Lincoln-revival, how strangely little one hears of Francis Grierson and his works. Surely he is not to be forgotten because Lord Charnwood has given to the world a volume of singular charm and deep appreciation of the lonely statesman; nor is it just that Grierson's work should be wholly superseded and effaced by Mr. Drinkwater's interesting play. Neither Lord Charnwood's life nor Mr. Drinkwater's play can quite replace Grierson's masterpiece, "The Valley of Shadows." One can recommend it to the readers of this generation on every ground, and especially as containing the most realistic description of Abraham Lincoln to be found anywhere. It should be remembered that Grierson was an adopted son of the soil. He was raised in Illinois and was a page to Fremont. It is no slight claim on our remembrance that from these beginnings he became an author who has won the admiration of the most discriminating critics of Europe. It might be said of him that he is the one American who could write with the European mind, and interpret what is universal in all art and politics to the narrow-minded nationalist who tends naturally to glorify the mediocre of his own land rather than accept the noble and worthy performance of an alien. Grierson is no alien in Europe; one wishes he were less an alien here.

A LOVER of the arts can not watch with equanimity the growth of modernist reputations. He cannot help wondering whether the idol-breaking of the nineteenth century did not stop too soon. Beyond doubt, of course, the old clay-footed deities have been knocked off their pedestals; and were it not for the debris that still litters the halls of the art-museums we might sigh, "Good riddance," and lapse into innocent forgetfulness. No one except a boarding-school "flapper" need view a Raphael under the impression that it is a supreme masterpiece of all time. We know better than that now. We feel that if Michelangelo had lived in the twentieth century he might have designed dynamos or skyscrapers: but we are sure that if Raphael were now on earth he would continue, as a successful illustrator, to palm off his madonnas and popes as magazine covers and portraits of successful business-men. With the same reservation no one need pass through the galleries devoted to the morbidly perfect statuary of late Greece and Rome under the delusion that all glory and grandeur and greatness departed with the Augustan age. Michelangelo and Rodin, we serenely feel, are something more than the afterglow of a vanished sunset. Cultivated people no longer ballast themselves with antiquated admirations before spreading sail before the winds of aesthetic emotion. Even the aforementioned young person of the boarding-school is occasionally permitted to break through the studied vacuity of notebook ecstasy with a shrill, derisive whisper. . . . Eternal reputations in classic

art are, *in sum*, mouldering away at a highly satisfactory rate of speed, and the whole apparatus of classic criticism shows encouraging signs of disintegration. We have learned to judge a work of art, not by the amount of dust that covers it, but by what we can discover when the dust is removed. The canon of polite criticism—Age before Beauty—has gone the way of most Victorian tags.

THIS triumphant liberation of the arts from a fraudulent devotion to age and reputation has, alas! merely cleared the ground for a habit of inverse piety. The Post-Yesterday Movement and the Neo-To-Morrow School have erected a new joss-house of reputations, where the incense of puffery induces in the idol-worshippers an obscure passion for what is new on the ground that it is new, and for what is unpopular on the ground that it is unpopular. It is not precisely with the art of the modernist painters and sculptors that we would quarrel, for their products are both good and bad, and their frequently 'lazy technique, their meaningless simplifications, and their spurious emotional values are possibly inevitable reactions against the fussy craftsmanship and stale enthusiasm that characterized much of the older tradition. The attitude of the critic and spectator toward the work of the modernists is what seems to us, really dangerous in the new art. The new critics tend to justify the revolutionaries because their methods are modern, precisely as the disciples of Kenyon Cox support the classicists because their precedents are old. Now, it was only by deliberate iconoclasm, led by such professionally irreverent writers as Samuel Butler and Mark Twain, that we were able to dam the patter of adulation once automatically stimulated by the exhibition of a duly certified old master. Today we are almost in the same case in the presence of what is impudently new. This peril must be resolutely faced. The menace of Struldburgery is not lessened by permitting the Struldburgs to grow up over night. Nothing but an attitude of unabashed irreverence can save us. Unless we can treat modernist art with the spirit of careless profanity which we bring to the older traditions, the period of our liberation is at an end, and we shall enter a new captivity. If we cannot prevent Cezanne from being canonized, there is nothing to keep Raphael from coming back to life. We have profited so greatly by ringing out the old that we must steel ourselves with equally formidable resolution to ring out the new. The only art we need pay respect to is the art that would be heeded even were it anonymous, the art that would be appreciated even were the professional adulators dead.

WHEN Mr. Lloyd George startled the English public by saddling the responsibility for German militarism upon Nietzsche, he not only made some of his followers imagine he had read one of that author's volumes, but he increased at a bound the popularity of "Superman." It was a strange instance of the perversity of human nature; that of a public flying, as it were, towards the point of danger, in spite of terrible warning. The result is that today the British public has a far better understanding of the real Nietzsche than has the German public. In one of our recent monthly magazines I came across a reference, thrown in by a rather loose-minded writer, to the Nietzsche who was used for propaganda purposes during the war; it ran as follows: "The author of all modern evil, who spat upon the good, and believed that any war was holy so long as it was horrible." The moment I saw this I thought of Mr. Lloyd George and the use to which he put "Beyond Good and Evil" in the early weeks of the war. Can it be that we are to suffer a recrudescence of this Nietzsche nonsense that was manufactured from passages torn from their context, to scare our "pacifists, party-politicians, parasites, and parsons"? It is to be hoped not. And for the enlightenment of those people who have been given an utterly false notion of Nietzsche, one might with advantage quote from "Human, All-too-Human" what he has to say

about peace. In the section, "The Wanderer and the Shadow," he says,

Perhaps, perhaps, a memorable day will come when a nation, renowned in wars and victories, distinguished by the highest development of military order and intelligence, and accustomed to make the heaviest sacrifice to these objects, will voluntarily exclaim, "We will break our swords," and will destroy its whole military system, lock, stock, and barrel. Making ourselves defenceless (after having been the most strongly defended) from a loftiness of sentiment,—that is the means toward genuine peace, which must always rest upon a pacific disposition. The so-called armed peace that prevails at present in all countries is a sign of a bellicose disposition, of a disposition that trusts neither itself nor its neighbour; and partly from hate, partly from fear, refuses to lay down its weapons. Better to perish than to hate and fear, and twice as far better to perish than to make oneself hated and feared—this must some day become the supreme maxim of every political community.

This seems very like unadulterated pacifism. But there is much to be found in the volumes of Nietzsche to interest all sorts and conditions of people. He had vision enough to see the only way out of conflicting national and racial problems in the old world. He said: "Europe wishes to be one."

I HAVE been standing before Rodin's "Hand of God", that marvellous portrayal of the first embrace, the primeval kiss, as God, in a moment of joy, tenderly created man and woman. The love which animates the beautiful hand infuses warmth and impulse into the entwined figures breaking into shape from the formless clay. The uncontracted knuckles, the deep shadows lying between the second and third fingers, the third finger lying over the point of the fourth, indicate easy and tender restraint. All the action is in the finger-tips, and all the power, the directing force, is in the thumb which supports the man's thigh and upper leg, as they rest in the winding arm of the woman—the man's head falling upon her bosom, and her face pressed down close to his. The figures come from the hand of the Creator, entwined like the petals of an unfolding flower. Wonderfully, indeed, does the piece proclaim the eternal truth that men and women leave the hand of God as free creatures blessed with love; and with love in our own eyes, we can discern the love in the artist's soul.

JOURNEYMAN.

BOOKS.

A FRENCH VIEW OF WHITMAN.

THERE are many things one might expect from a new study of Whitman's life: if not facts, at least explanations. No American writer has ever lived so fully in the open as Walt, or been so closely scrutinized; yet none has ever been so tenaciously reserved. There are facts of his youth, facts of high importance, which he guarded carefully, and in all probability will never be revealed. But for explanations, at least, we are eager, and it will not be long now before someone with the proper psychological equipment discovers the extraordinary mine of material which Whitman's character holds for the analyst and the student of human motives. Sufficient facts for such a study are already known: the Wound-Dresser, the poet of "Calamus," is to be found in the son whose mother was "the great love of his life." It will be a book of the highest value in American criticism, this dissection of the buried life of the greatest of our poets. And it will throw an incomparable light on the nature of the artist as a type.

Meanwhile, there are two sorts of studies we might expect from a French critic. One sort, of real service, would be a detached, cold, and slightly malicious examination of the prophet who has been the cause of so many vague generalizations: it would be sceptical and realistic; it would, above all, give us the most exact sense of the genesis and proportions of his spirit and his place in modern civilization. Of the other sort,

equally Gallic, is the book M. Bazalgette has written¹: it is the classical panegyric, the heroic portrait in the tradition of Plutarch to which, in a heightened and modernized form, Romain Rolland has accustomed us in his studies of great men. To M. Bazalgette, Whitman is the sovereign genius who shares with only a dozen predecessors the quality of speaking to the whole world, and it must be said at once that no previous writer has risen so superbly to the height of the Whitmanian argument. M. Bazalgette communicates an absolute sense of Whitman's greatness. His book, like his theme, is ample and magnificent.

M. Bazalgette's method is dramatic. For the first time he imposes form, restraint, and balance where immediate and somewhat chaotic reports and impressions have been the rule. The story, as he tells it, has the logic, the simplicity of outline, the tension, the catharsis of an antique tragedy. At moments it seems slightly to oversimplify the subject M. Bazalgette extenuates, as a psychological critic would not wish to do, the vanity, the occasional disingenuousness of Whitman; he never fails to impress us with his grasp of the facts, with his extraordinary elastic power. Beneath the book one feels an immense draught of life.

I have suggested that the portrait which emerges is a portrait in the grand style. Listening to Whitman, M. Bazalgette says in his preface,

one seems to hear some huge, rough rhapsodist from the antique world who had passed over America to confess the desires, the marvels, and the faith of the Modern Man—the Vedic hymns of our age, fresh, rich, multiple.

This is the note which the book sustains: one seems to hear everywhere through it the large utterance of the early gods. He is the "tan-skinned Bacchus, drunk with the wine of life," who

evoked in the ensemble of his person and not by his face alone, Greek beauty—not that of the decadence which fills our museums with its jaded types, but the strong, primitive Hellenic type, that is to say, absolute harmony in rude power.

As with his appearance, so with his chants:

Since the age of the great bards of Greece and of India, the world had unlearned the sound of such a voice which resurged from the bosom of modern humanity with an accrued power, charged with new significance, bodying forth the aspirations of an aboriginal of American cities.

Later, in the years when the invalid took his daily "Adamic air-bath" in the recesses of Timber Creek, it is the emotion of Pan that we feel thrilling through the notes of "Specimen Days"; later still, like a sage of antiquity,

he suggests that vast repose, that divine monotony of the tides and of eternity, felt in the foundations of his character, more akin to water, soil, wind, rocks, than is permitted man to be, all in his being affirmed supremely man. From his immense serenity a perpetual incantation of Erda pronouncing before the Voyager the words of earth, seems to rise, sweet and strong, all enveloping.

And finally, in the twilight of his Camden room, at times one would have believed himself back at the symposiums of Greece, and when Walt with his slow, musical, selective speech made a remark, confessed his faith or explained anew the meaning of his book, one could not but think of Socrates exercising his power among a group of his disciples.

Is this somewhat exalted key justified in the long stretches of narrative and interpretation that compose the book? Certain French writers, typified in Victor Hugo, have made us a little suspicious of the vocabulary of heightened emotion. A writer who makes use of expressions like these lays on himself a tremendous burden of proof, but I think that M. Bazalgette (who has perhaps been influenced by Romain Rolland: "the indomitable savagery of the old falcon, neighbouring with the infinite" is very suggestive of "Jean-Christophe") has quite vindicated himself. There are still plenty of instructed persons who are in doubt about Whitman's greatness. Edmund Gosse remarked not so long ago, I

think, that the world would never be able to make up its mind about him; and Thomas MacDonagh, most interesting of Irish critics, said of him: "He may be but another eccentric. He may be the great innovator." Those who are not convinced by his poems or his prose would not be convinced by any other book I know of. There is something either mean or cluttered or too abstract in the mass of the Whitman commentaries. Here, at least, the immense tree rises and falls with its majestic trunk and the innumerable leaves that were the acts and thoughts of all those large and leisurely days. A French writer has given us the first adequate version of the great legend.

V. W. B.

"MODERN" "BRITISH" VERSE.

THE critic is never so self-revealing as when he forsakes criticism and turns anthologist. For, in the rôle of selective guide, his backgrounds, his knowledge, his taste, his very fitness must stand a scrutiny more searching than any of his explanatory appraisals. The maker of an anthology must not merely express himself, but record the varying phases and fluctuations of his subject with few of the charts and tools of his trade; the function of criticism is synthesized in a Table of Contents. It is not enough for an editor to say "This represents me." One has a right to ask that his work should present if it does not represent some of the implications behind his title.

What then is one to do about Mr. Braithwaite? Whenever his friends are framing an estimate that is half an apology and half a tribute to his "services to the cause," this prolific anthologist commits some new aesthetic indiscretion, some fresh atrocity to outrage the just and the unjust. In the preface to his "Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916" he discovered (quite wrongly) that "the radical influence of Poetry has waned"; he found on the other hand, that "the Imagists have added a strain of virility" (*sic!*); he dismissed Carl Sandburg as a "much-heralded innovator who has not lived up to prophecy," and failed to quote, in any of his foliose annuals, a single poem by the author of "Cornhuskers" until the end of 1917.

Last year Mr. Braithwaite published a "Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse," a supposed exhibit of the richest designs which were shown in American journals between 1905 and 1917. Many familiar patterns in base metals were here. But not a single example of the unique and delicate artistry of "H. D.," Ezra Pound, Maxwell Bodenheim or Alfred Kreymborg; the spontaneous and often breath-catching lyricism of Edna St. Vincent Millay was not represented by as much as a line; there was never the mention of such poets as Max Eastman, John G. Neihardt and others more individual and representative than the majority of Mr. Braithwaite's entries.

And now we have "The Book of Modern British Verse" which, with its misleading definite article, is possibly the worst blunder Mr. Braithwaite has ever committed.

One could, of course, split hairs indefinitely as to the quality of Modernism, its inception, its characteristics, its schools. But, avoiding the attempt to be overprecise or finicky, it is easy to agree with Harold Williams who places the beginning of "modern English literature" a trifle earlier than 1890. A collection of modern English (or, for that matter, British) verse would begin, one might suppose, with the end of Victorianism. It would reflect, if only briefly, the strange and artificial lustre of the eighteen-nineties; it would mirror the rise and fall of the aesthetic philosophy. It would consider the athletic if over-muscular influence of W. E. Henley. It would find a place for the overtones and echoes of the Celtic Revival in Ireland. It would take into account the ascendancy of Kipling, the return to realism, the growing concern with slang and mechanism in art—and so on, through the return of narrative verse via Masefield, to Thomas Hardy, Rupert Brooke, and the "Georgians."

This, at least, is what one has the right to expect upon opening a volume so named. But this is precisely what

¹"Walt Whitman: the Man and His Work." Léon Bazalgette. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.

one does not find in Mr. Braithwaite's compilation. One's first shock comes with the Foreword which discards all pretensions to a genuinely "modern" summary and shirks the whole problem of modernity by stating: "This collection is intended to present to American readers the character of *contemporary* British verse." The second disappointment follows upon the discovery that even this far simpler and more limited promise is false. For we have here no true representation of any but a few phrases of contemporaneous English poetry. The total of Mr. Braithwaite's inclusions is only a trifle less surprising than the list of his omissions.

Seeking for an illumination of the new tendencies, one therefore looks first of all for some of the leading contemporary figures. One looks, let me say, for Rudyard Kipling, whose impetuous if sometimes imperialistic vigour swept over the half-perfumed relics of the Pre-Raphaelites and helped bring the salt tang of reality back to English verse. One looks in vain. There are several poems flatly imitated from the author of "Barrack-Room Ballads"—there are five in particular by Cicely Fox Smith, England's female Robert W. Service—but Kipling himself is left out. . . . One searches for a few of the packed and characteristic verses of Thomas Hardy who, at the age of sixty, relinquished prose and devoted himself entirely to poetry. One turns the pages hoping to find a snatch from "The Dynasts," which has been called the largest and most ambitious poem since Goethe's "Faust," for one of the soil-soaked pieces from "Wessex Poems," for two or three of the tense lyrics or dramatic monologues from "Time's Laughing-Stocks," for a glimpse of the ironic power and penetration in his "Satires of Circumstance," that amazing volume written when the novelist-poet was almost seventy. One turns without finding as much as the information that Hardy ever wrote a line of verse.

Or, believing that these two crippling omissions may be due to Mr. Braithwaite's distaste for harshness and incision, one glances through his anthology, expecting to find the best of the formal tradition, the choice examples of such writers as have kept alive the classical spirit. One looks for that superb craftsman, the present Poet Laureate, Robert Bridges, who is more sensitive than any of his contemporaries to verbal music and the subtleties of versification. He is not given a single phrase. One searches for T. Sturge Moore, whose classical lyrics and allegories like "Pan's Prophecy" are only less technically interesting than his irregular (and modern) unrhymed verse. Moore is not represented by as much as an asterisk. One expects to find Laurence Binyon, whose recent lyrics rise above the high level of his highly imaginative work. He is not here. . . . Possibly Mr. Braithwaite is more interested in a blend of the two tendencies, that mixture of academic purity and full-blooded animism which is so characteristic of recent lyrical verse. Here, at least, will be a record and a quotation or two from that immortal collection, that contemporary classic "The Shropshire Lad." Wrong again. A. E. Housman is among the missing.

But it may be the popular note that most attracts the editor. One has glimpses here of names that are pleasing to the multitude even more than to the student. Yet the far more representative and characteristically British Alfred Noyes is absent. So is William Watson. So is Edmund Gosse. Ditto Norman Gale. . . . Or, possibly in an effort to avoid insularity, the composer has omitted all these poets to make room for their Celtic confrères. Padraic Colum, Joseph Campbell and Thomas MacDonagh are here. But where is their head, the living father of them all? William Butler Yeats is incredibly left out. And though Eva Gore-Booth is included, there is not a stanza by such far more individual women-poets as Alice Meynell, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Nora Hopper, Moira O'Neill.

Thrown together without logical, chronological or alphabetical arrangement, it is an astonishing medley. The book seems a mere haphazard selection from the various Georgian anthologies, reinforced by the Oxford under-

graduate and recent alumni publications brought out by the faithful B. H. Blackwell. Naturally, there are many notable pieces even in such an aggregation. But, after having quoted the best known examples of Rupert Brooke, John Masefield, Siegfried Sassoon, Ralph Hodgson, Walter De la Mare and W. H. Davies, Mr. Braithwaite is forced to pad. He is compelled to fall back on the pleasant immaturities of T. W. Earp, Aldous Huxley, Sherard Vines, and the not so pleasant amateurities of Ivor Gurney, Gwen Upcott, Willoughby Weaving, and Fredegond Shove. Mr. Braithwaite's amazing taste leads him even to the pretty-colored sweetmeats of Gerald Gould, to the one maudlin note of J. C. Squire (evidently the only poem of Squire's that the anthologists admire) and to the prattling devotional verse of May Doney.

Mr. Braithwaite had the opportunity to retrieve himself. He had it in his power to display both the fixed and shifting standards. By his very inclusions he could have shown the way in which the contemporary poets have felt the interplay of tradition, revulsion and reaction. He could easily have recorded the old influences as well as the new *motifs* in recent English poetry. But due to something more incomprehensible than his taste, he has failed signally.

"The Book of Modern British Verse" begins as a misnomer; it ends as a misrepresentation.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

IN the critical sphere we Americans are still doomed to play the passive part. We are a race of commentators and thesis-writers; impartiality, an almost legal treatment of evidence, has been the note of the vast mass of critical documents our universities have poured forth during these latter years. That, however, is not the note of Oliver M. Sayler's "The Russian Theatre Under the Revolution" (Little, Brown & Co.), a book so eager, so cordial, so intelligent, so frankly the expression of a personal appetite that one would like to think of it as typical of a new dispensation. Mr. Sayler, another sort of Hoosier, the dramatic editor of the *Indianapolis News*, went to Russia late in 1917 especially to study the theatre, and his testimony, which bears witness to his own pluck, taste, and understanding, is a splendid amplification of Arthur Ransome's. In Russia, unlike any other country, it was the serious theatre that breasted war and revolution and the theatre of amusement that foundered: "out of their sorrows," as Mr. Sayler explains it, "the Russians have builded all their art. And in the days of their profoundest gloom, they return to it for the consolation which nothing else affords." Multitudinous, vigorous, complex, the Russian theatre, as we see it in this book and as it exists today, is without doubt not only the supreme theatre of modern times but one of the supreme flowerings of artistic history; and what best explains this is perhaps the general recognition among Russians of the essence of one of the dogmas of Yevreyev's "monodrama," that the instinct of theatricality is a primary one and demands as complete a satisfaction as that of self-preservation or sex.

A BUSY world but a world far less thrilling and impressive is that to which Lander MacClintock introduces us in "The Contemporary Drama of Italy" (Little, Brown & Co.). Mr. MacClintock is very agile, very well-informed, his touch is light and his taste is catholic; one feels, however, that he has no great belief in the very active little army of Italian dramatists. If the Russian has, as Dostoevsky believed and as the Russian theatre seems to show, an international soul, Italy and the Italian theatre, where all the dramatic ideas of modern Europe have been so freely aired, remain less generally human than exclusively nationalistic. This is evident not only in the inflated *Macht-politik* of D'Annunzio but in the petulant futurism of Marinetti; it is evident in the extraordinary number of plays that continue to be written in glorification of the past. No great figure stands out but the dubious *divo Gabriele*, who

is only in a secondary sense a playwright; furthermore, the modern Italian theatre seems to have been inspired not from within, but almost wholly by foreign influences. On the other hand, of lesser men, gifted and sincere, there are many. Mr. MacClintock's scene is a very animated one.

ANOTHER popular fallacy—that all Russians, socialists or not, drink in with their mothers' milk an understanding of socialism. Mr. Boris Brasol is a Russian. Does he understand socialism? Glance at page two of "Socialism vs. Civilization" (Scribner's). Socialism aims, among other things, at the abolition of religion; its essential points are mainly of a destructive nature, it has practically no constructive programme to offer, it does not know exactly what it wants in the place of the institutions which are to be forcibly overthrown; socialism has brought Russia to utter ruin, complete destruction—statements almost as absurd as one or two of those which the author quotes from Karl Marx. To Mr. Brasol socialism is a monster of very fearful mien but one with whose face he appears to be none too familiar: he makes out his case by infinite omissions, by a near-sightedness that throws the whole subject out of proportion, and by a plentiful use of epithets like "soap-box agitator" and "parlour Bolshevik"; and his constructive suggestions are of an incredible banality. Mr. Brasol is a very angry man. If his eyes were not so full of blood he would see that the formidable argument of a world in progress cannot be met by petulance or by narrow-gauge criticism.

RATHER uncouth in appearance—is that inevitable in books printed west of the Mississippi?—Mr. Charles T. Spradling's "Liberty and the Great Libertarians" (Los Angeles) is a very comprehensive anthology of texts on freedom, ranging from Edmund Burke to Maria Montessori, and discussing liberty in all its aspects and in all the relations of life. "It is shown by the writers quoted that liberty has been applied to various fields, and has proved successful wherever tried. . . . They demonstrate conclusively that the extension of the principle of equal liberty to all social relations is not only feasible but necessary." Thus the editor, in his preface. Believers and unbelievers will find in the book, which, while not new, is well worth a new notice, a liberal store of thought and argument, much of it from quite out-of-the-way sources.

"WHATEVER else you do, believe nothing in regard to the individual's ability to develop an especial and remarkable capacity, unless it is already inherent in him at birth. We are beginning to suspect that there are certain things which some of us cannot do, however much we may wish or try to." That is the disillusioning gospel of Theodore Dreiser. Samuel Smiles would not have agreed with him; neither will Professor Edgar James Swift, the author of "Psychology and the Day's Work" (Scribner's). The struggle for success is Mr. Swift's theme and he tells us how to achieve the "alert, flexible adaptation to changing circumstances" that will make us big cogs in the social machine instead of little ones. "Carefully cultivate your faults," said a French philosopher, as a recipe for the making of geniuses. Mr. Swift is not interested in the making of geniuses: one's only question is whether for the ordinary man who is not already efficient his method will prove particularly useful. There was a student of singing once whose teacher spent all his time telling her how to hold her head, what to do with her diaphragm, etc. But she made no progress. Then, being something of a man, he began to praise her, and, lifting up his own voice, reminded her what a fine thing it would be if she could sing, too. After that, the diaphragm took care of itself. That is only to say that the method of the poet, who reveals a magnetic goal, is more effective than the method of applied psychology, at least outside the school-room or the clinic: the complexes that impede men cannot be resolved by the mere reading of reasoned rules of successful behaviour.

Nevertheless, "Psychology and the Day's Work" is vastly amusing. If you come to it without the secret hope of learning how to be an Edison you will be entertained by a thousand anecdotes and observations.

LIKE a handful of golden pollen scattered on the wind is the little book of Winifred Welles' poems, "The Hesitant Heart" (Huebsch). Simple, fresh, luminous, of the early morning, they are as whimsical as charm itself, and as reticent in their cool distinction. Few of the poems are more pretentious and few are less successful than "Humiliation":

How nakedly an animal
Lies down on earth to die,
Unmindful of the shining air,
And unashamed of sky.

But men and women under roofs
Draw shades and hush the floor,
And furtively they lay their dead
Behind a darkened door.

THE translation of "En Roufe" (Dutton) which has just appeared in this country was issued in London, I think, twenty years ago. It is the work of C. Kegan Paul, most zealous of English Catholic publishers in his day; and, as Huysmans was at that time still alive, it was suggested that readers ought not to consider the story of Durtal as an autobiography, Durtal having previously figured as the hero of the "detestable impieties" of "La-Bas." The second volume of the trilogy, "The Cathedral," appeared in England immediately afterward, but the third, "The Oblate," has never, I think, found a translator.

THE question has often been asked, but it really would be interesting to have an explicit answer: What is the difference in point of view between Treitschke the Bogey and those Americans to whom Preparedness is still the essential ideal? Every American, says Henry A. Wise Wood, in his introduction to W. H. Hobbs' campaign biography, "Leonard Wood" (Putnam), "will wish to know the nature of the qualities which enabled Germany almost to gain the mastery of Europe, which enabled France to endure Germany's attack, and which enabled the English-speaking peoples to overthrow the one, deliver the other, and to come forth with the control of the world in their hands . . . What is it . . . ? Having learned the cause, we shall wish to apply it diligently in our affairs." Just what is the difference? And if this is Americanism, what a pity it is that we have to put up with the Wise Woods! Treitschke did it so much better.

NEW OR FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Prices and other information may be obtained from your bookseller.

- Economic Democracy, by C. H. Douglas.
- In the World War, by Count Czernin.
- Woman Triumphant, by Blasco Ibanez.
- True Love, by Allen Monkhouse.
- Coal, Iron and War, by Edwin C. Eckel.
- Mount Music, by E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross.
- Something Else Again, by Franklin P. Adams.
- Textbook of Aerial Law, by H. Woodhouse.
- Windmills, by Gilbert Cannan.
- The Endowment of Motherhood, ed. by Katherine Anthony.
- Twenty-six Jayne Street, by Mary Austin.
- Enjoying Life, by W. N. P. Barbellion.
- Before and Now, by Austen Harrison.
- A Sienese Painter of the Franciscan Legend, by Bernard Berenson.
- Mind and Energy, by Henri Bergson.
- Bolshevism at Work, by W. T. Goode.
- Memories of George Meredith, by Lady Butcher.
- My Chess Career, by J. R. Capablanca.
- Now It Can Be Told, by Philip Gibbs.
- The Superstition of Divorce, by Gilbert K. Chesterton.
- Chinese Painters, by R. Petrucci.
- The Church of England, by Rev. H. H. Henson.
- Three Poems of the War, by Paul Claudel.
- Gray Dusk, by Octavus Roy Cohen.

Concerning opinion—

"There never was in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains; the most universal quality is diversity."

A WELL-KNOWN paper used to print comments from its readers under the heading, "Brickbats and Bouquets." Already THE FREEMAN is receiving both. Those that do not please us amuse us. We are not trying to make a paper that will suit everyone nor are we publishing for a "little group of serious thinkers" of whose approval we are fairly certain in advance.

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CRITICISMS of the first two numbers of THE FREEMAN have thus far been limited to its format and typography and to the style of its spelling. On the other hand, the complimentary letters have greatly outnumbered the unfavorable ones. In matters of taste it is impossible to hope for general agreement. Of far weightier moment is the fact that we have had little but praise for the actual material offered, for the editorial expressions and for the manner of presentation. Nothing has given THE FREEMAN more satisfaction than the welcome from the press. Daily newspapers holding other views than ours have recognized that there is a distinct place for us and have said so in cordial editorials. But we are particularly gratified at the graciousness of the two weeklies here quoted:

The Nation

We welcome most heartily to the ranks of liberal journalism the new weekly, THE FREEMAN. Under the editorship of Mr. Albert Jay Nock and Mr. Francis Neilson it cannot fail to be vital as well as well written and full of information. Its special interest in the land question insures its readers valuable contributions on a subject with which the country must grapple vigorously if we are not to see reproduced here the conditions of semi-peonage and absentee landlordism which have worked such harm to rural England. Beyond that, THE FREEMAN may be counted upon to take a broad and just and liberal view of events in Europe and other countries, and at this moment there cannot be too many American journals of that type. That its founders believe that there is a sufficient reawakening of liberalism in the United States to warrant publication of a new weekly is, in itself, ground for encouragement and satisfaction. THE FREEMAN is especially to

be congratulated upon the excellence of its typography and makeup; the first issue sets a high standard for itself in the interest and value of its articles. We hope that it may soon be counting its readers by the thousand.

The New Republic

For several weeks the *New Republic* has carried an announcement of THE FREEMAN, a new national weekly, and the first number has now appeared. In typography it may be said to aim at the same simple and austere effect as the *London Spectator*, but here—apart from spelling labor "labour"—the resemblance to the *Spectator* ends. The tone of THE FREEMAN is in sharp contrast to its quietistic appearance. It starts out like the west wind of Shelley, tameless and swift and proud. This is the most promising of qualities that a first number can possess, combined as it is with a solid substance of information and philosophy. We hail THE FREEMAN, and wish it good luck.

This number of THE FREEMAN illustrates our political and economic standpoint, our general aesthetic direction. If it prompts you to a more intimate and continuous relation, we invite you to subscribe for a year; or, if you are but partly convinced, test us for ten weeks.